

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

VOL. 7.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 9.

Staccato.

Gravissimo



NOT THE ANSWER SHE EXPECTED.—The following story is fastened upon Dr. Richter:—A noble lady, addicted to gush, laid her fan upon his arm and sweetly inquired, "Tell me, doctor, how do you feel after you have conducted that soul-stirring work, Beethoven's Choral Symphony?" And Dr. Richter is alleged tersely to have replied, "Hungry."

PATTI GOT HER WISH.—Among the more or less diverting stories which are floating about in connection with Madame Patti's last tour of America is one that must be agreeable to Justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court. As it goes, Patti, then a little girl, once shared in a concert with Ole Bull, at Columbus, Ohio. After the show the party was given a supper by prominent politicians and legislators. They wanted little Adelina to sing, but her mother objected because it was the child's bed-time. Justice, then plain Lawyer, Matthews begged Adelina to coax her mother.

"If you will sing for us," said he, "I will do anything you wish."
Adelina coaxed, mamma yielded, and the gifted girl sang "Home, sweet Home." Then she said to the lawyer,—
"Now, sir, you must stand on your head."
"Do you really wish it?" he asked.
"Certainly," replied the wanton elf.
"Very well," said he. "Here goes."
And he did it amid the thunderous applause of the whole room.

IN THE HARMONY CLASS.—Master. "What does a major interval become when it is inverted?"

Pupil. "A minor interval."

Master. "And a minor interval becomes?"

Pupil. "A major one."

Master. "Good. And an augmented interval?"

A pause. "Well! Don't you remember?"

Pupil (triumphantly). "It becomes a demented interval!"

SISTER, at the piano, sings—

"Were I a little bird,
Had I two little wings,
To thee I'd fly,
To thee I'd fly!"

Brother, interrupts rudely, "Geese don't usually fly! They waddle!"

THE "favourite pupils of the Abbé Liszt" are now almost as plentifully distributed over the two hemispheres as articles made out of "the wreck of the Royal George" were in the last generation. It is to the United States that we owe a new variation of that which I fear is too often a fiction. An enterprising young lady out West recently announced herself as "The only pianist who has been kissed by Liszt."

A BRIEF biography of the famous operatic contralto, Madame Trebelli, from the pen of her friend Mdlle. de Mensiaux, has just been issued. All sorts of quaint anecdotes are included in this amusing sketch, from that which tells us how in the intervals of an operatic performance in honour of the Shah of Persia, Madame Trebelli appeared at a private party in the dress of Federico (in "Mignon"), and was told by the servants that page boys should sit in the hall; to her early attempts at speaking Russian, when her endeavours to induce a native waiter to bring her an egg,

resulted first in the offer of a huge dish of fried onions, and finally in the arrival of a doctor, who had been called in by the waiter under the impression that the artist was suffering from a cold in the throat.

A JOACHIM STORY.—Joachim, of violin renown, had been playing at a concert in Manchester. After it was all over, he was walking up and down the railway platform enjoying a good cigar and the consciousness that he had never played better in his life. The cheers of his audience still rang in his ears, and he was full of pleasurable self-satisfaction. A respectable navvy, dressed in his Sunday best, kept passing and re-passing and gazing intently at the great master. Presently he came up to Joachim and asked for a light. This the musician gave him. Having lit his pipe, he looked Joachim full in the face, and then, tapping him with emphasis on the shoulder, he said, "But Paganini was the man!"

Joachim says he never felt so small in his life.

AT the concert—"I want to ask you a question."

"Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S deafness is really the cause of her retirement from public life. She cannot always hear whether she is singing correctly or not. With a great many singers this is far different—it is their neighbours who pray for deafness.

SOME 300 bachelors of Carlsruhe have formed an anti-musical association, binding themselves under a solemn oath not to marry any girl who plays the piano. Many young ladies are said to be taking to the violin or the guitar in consequence.

HERE are two Puck-ish jokes:—
Angry Citizen. "How much will you take and leave the neighbourhood at once?"
Leader of Little German Band. "Fifty cents."
Angry Citizen. "You ask too much."
Leader of Little German Band. "Ish dot so? Vell, I blays one more tune, und den you see if dot's too mooch."

THE esteemed church organist of a popular seaside place writes:—"While practising the organ one afternoon recently, some street musicians (?) consisting of a cornet, clarinet, and euphonium, commenced discordant operations outside, against the church gates. The organ being played inside, and being distinctly audible outside, unfortunately proved too great a shock for their musical ears, for very soon they found their way to the vestry door with a request that the organ should be stopped, that they might play." We have heard of church officials

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stopping or trying to stop bands playing outside their churches; but this is the first case, probably, of a band outside attempting to stop the music inside church.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is rumoured that we are to be invaded next year by no less than three musical "prodigies," one of them a six-year-old pianist. Unless this sort of thing can be suppressed we may expect the time to arrive when announcements will be made of "A real prodigy! Five years old, and cannot play a note!"

Mrs. Clara Novello Davies.

By G. H. B.

WHO is there in South Wales who has not heard of Mrs. Clara Novello Davies,—not "Madam," as many will persist in styling her,—and who of them does not admire the Cymric enthusiasm and go-aheadness (if I may be allowed the term) the big little lady evinces in the cause of musical progress? In the southern half of the Principality I can guarantee that no musician is better known and more appreciated. Why? Because from whatever object Mrs. Davies originally adopted music as a profession, in these latter days money-making is not altogether the *raison d'être* of her labours. More important to her than the mere gathering up of riches is the advancement of her pupils, who are at once the be-all and end-all of her existence.

When on a recent afternoon I called to enjoy half an hour's chat with Mrs. Davies at her Cardiff home, "Llwyn yr Eos" ("the home of the nightingale"), I found her engrossed in observing the progress a pupil was manifesting in the study of "The Moonlight Sonata."

"Busy again?" was my greeting.

"Busy!" Mrs. Davies replied; "why I'm always busy. Did you ever know me to be otherwise?"

"But do you never feel tired of this perpetual round of teaching?"

"On the contrary, nothing gives me greater delight, and nothing acts as such a tonic to my constitution. I am never happier and never better in health than when I go through my daily round of lessons: it is the excitement that keeps me up, I suppose. You will hardly believe it, but I really feel at my worst when I take my annual holiday amongst the Welsh hills. There's a void in my existence which neither rest nor pleasure can fill."

"You have, I believe, a large number of pupils?"

"Somewhere about eighty."

"And you give lessons to these every week?"

"Yes, every week. I am thus at work every day from early morning till late at night; but rather than grumble at my lot," smilingly observed Mrs. Davies, "I am disposed to regret that I cannot double myself, and thus accommodate a double number of pupils. I have a large number waiting to fill any vacancies that may occur."

"Another exemplification of the truth of the saying that 'nothing succeeds like success,'" I remarked. "Several of your pupils have made marked successes, have they not?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I have been fortunate in that respect. Miss Lucy Clarke was one. She has a most admirable contralto voice, and I had every reason to hope that her musical career would be a most satisfactory and commendable one. She has, however, migrated to

the music-hall stage, and this fact has not only destroyed my hopes, but all my interest in her welfare. But I have other pupils in whom I feel every pride. There is Miss Maggie Purvis, who eighteen months ago won the Prince of Wales' £300 open scholarship at the Royal College of Music, where she is making most satisfactory headway. Then there is Miss Nellie Asher, a young soprano, who in a few weeks will enter the Royal Academy of Music, a London gentleman having so much faith in her ultimate success that he has undertaken to pay her tuition fees for three years. Miss Asher, I may remark, is the young lady whose singing at my recent London concert was so much belauded by the critics. I have, too, other pupils who, if they do not make their mark away from home—and I have no reason to think they will not—have already risen above mediocrity here. As vocalists, there are Mrs. Davis-Evans, Mrs. Dando, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Mabel Knox, Miss Gwen Cosslett, Miss Annie Davies and Miss Maggie Davies, sisters, and Miss Georgina Browne; whilst of those who afford promise the most prominent are Miss Emily Francis and Miss Pattie Davies, my niece. My leading pianoforte pupils are Miss Winifred Evans, who although but seventeen is already a brilliant executant, Miss Ida Coombes, Miss Isabel Spier, Mr. Edgar Down, and Master Frank Hutchins."

Then, as we chat, flitting from one topic to another, I gather a few facts concerning Mrs. Davies' earlier career. She was born—and it was with woman's natural perturbation of spirit that she confessed it—at Cardiff on April 7, 1861, and Cardiff has been her life-long home. Almost before she could toddle and prattle her musical father, Mr. Jacob Davies, began to devote himself assiduously to his little daughter's musical instruction. So sound was his teaching and so naturally precocious was young Clara Novello,—named after the great soprano of that day,—that when but an infant of four she undertook the contralto part in a successful competitive quartet (which included her father), the adjudicator awarding them the prize as a recognition of the finished manner in which the contralto part was sung. Up to the age of seven, home tuition was all Miss Davies received. At that age she became the pupil of the then organist of Llandaff Cathedral, who—and Mrs. Davies recalls the memory with a hearty laugh—would permit her to play nothing but five-finger exercises for six months. At the age of twelve Miss Davies made her first public appearance at Cardiff as the accompanist at a concert given by Miss (now Madame) Annie Williams, and so successful was this *début* that engagement after engagement poured in upon her.

As an evidence of Mrs. Davies' remarkable aptitude for reading at sight and for speedily adapting herself to circumstances, I may here relate a little story her father tells with pardonable pride. It was shortly after her *début*, when a concert at which Mr. Davies and others were engaged to sing, was held at Porth, a colliery village in the Valley of the Rhondda, Clara Novello accompanied her father, whose surprise may be judged when on arrival at Porth he saw displayed large posters, on which it was announced that the accompanist at the concert would be "Miss C. N. Davies." It wanted but an hour or so to the concert, but although to Miss Davies almost all the music was foreign, she was undismayed, and went through the programme without a hitch, and received at the close a special vote of thanks for what the proposer was pleased to call her "marvellous services."

At the early age of fifteen Miss Davies commenced teaching, and it is as a teacher pure

and simple that she has achieved a reputation which extends far beyond the narrow confines of the sphere in which she daily moves. Mrs. Davies has already indicated a few of the successes her pupils have scored. She has, however, omitted to state that there is scarcely an Eisteddfod, National or district, at which one or more of her students do not fail to carry off prizes against all-comers, and that scores of others have passed and are continually passing the local examinations of the Royal Academy of Music and Trinity College. Pupils come to Mrs. Davies from far and near in South Wales and Monmouthshire, and none take leave of her without carrying with them a lasting impression of that admirable system of tuition which, more than anything else, has contributed so largely to her success.

"Then I need not tell you," Mrs. Davies continued, "that I have a choir of something like one hundred ladies, and that together we have, since 1887, given an annual concert at Cardiff in aid of this, that, or the other object. A choir of ladies only with a lady conductor is something of a novelty even in these days of originality, isn't it? Cantatas by that popular composer, Mr. J. L. Roedel, have formed the principal features at all the concerts in the past. In 1887 we gave 'The Gitana,' in 1888, 'Westward Ho,' and in 1889, 'The Minstrel Prince.'"

"Your choir has been accorded high praise, has it not?"

"Yes, but none higher than by Mr. Roedel himself, who, after the performance of 'Westward Ho!' in 1888, declared that it was the acme of perfection, and that he could never hope to hear it equalled, let alone surpassed."

"And you have had London at your feet, too?"

"Yes, the girls longed for more worlds to conquer, and nothing would do but that they must go to London. I fully recognised the gravity of such a step, but I was anxious that Londoners should be afforded an idea of what Welsh ladies can do, and—we went."

"And may I say that you saw and you conquered," I added.

"Yes, for although financially the concert was scarcely a success,—and I regret it for the charitable object we had in view,—musically, it was a distinct triumph, and an undeniable vindication of the beauty and purity of Welsh voices."

The facts of this successful concert at the St. James's Hall have been so recently detailed in the *Magazine of Music* by another contributor, that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here. Let it suffice to say that Mrs. Davies has thereby added another to the long list of claims she has upon the kindly consideration of her countrymen and countrywomen. It would have been no small thing for a male conductor, possessing all man's sturdy independence and fearlessness, to have undertaken the journey to London, and, with a mixed choir, scored such a success as that which recently set all Cardiff and all South Wales a-talking. How much more commendable and more to be praised then is it when such a triumph is achieved solely by "poor weak woman?"

Mrs. Davies has enemies—who has not?—but I fancy that even they in their most candid moments cannot but admit that in the past she has performed yeoman service for the cause, the culture of which she has so much at heart, and that she is justly entitled to whatever credit she has received, either as teacher, accompanist, or conductress.

Our portrait of Mrs. Davies is from a life-like photograph by Mr. J. Long, of Cardiff.

Musical Life in London.

HERR VON ZUR MÜHLEN is an artist of great intelligence, and his vocal recital at Princes' Hall on the afternoon of 10th July was one of considerable interest. He sang the *Liebeslied* from "Die Walküre" in a striking manner, and he was also heard to advantage in Schumann's "Hidalgo." Brahms' beautiful duet, "So lass uns wandern," was sung with much success by Miss Marguerite Hall and the concert-giver. Miss Liza Lehmann took part in the programme, and the accompaniments were played by Miss Zimmermann, Miss M. V. White, and Herr Hans Schmidt.

Madame Madeline Schiller gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, 14th July. This lady, with her well-trained fingers, can do justice to the technical difficulties of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, but there is another side to the music, which did not receive all the attention which it demands. The same fault may be found with her rendering of three numbers from Schumann's "Kreisleriana." Liszt's fantasia on "Le Prophète," and his rhapsody, "Le Carnaval de Peste," do not make the same high demands, and Madame Schiller played the difficult passages with some success. She also gave a performance, though somewhat too forcible a one, of Gottschalk's "Tremolo."

The Russian boy-pianist, Max Hombourg, gave a second recital at Princes' Hall on Monday afternoon, 21st July. Mozart's Concerto in D minor, which headed the programme, could not be played, as the second pianoforte did not arrive. The child gave a refined and artistic rendering of Haydn's Variations in F minor. This performance, indeed, was one of which many pianists of mature years might be jealous. Some short pieces of Schumann were also performed with much expression. Master Hombourg also achieved success with two Bach Preludes and Fugues from the *Wohltemperirte Clavier*—those in C sharp and B flat major. The technique was extremely neat. It is greatly to be hoped that so gifted a child will be put under proper training, and not be allowed for the present to appear often in public.

The pupils of the Royal College of Music gave a performance of Mozart's Opera, "Cosi fan tutte," at the Savoy Theatre on the 16th of July. Mozart could not write bad music; but the opera, on account of its absurd plot, is not likely ever to prove a "draw." It contains, however, much effective vocal music, and no doubt was selected on this account. There were many praiseworthy points in the performance, given under the able direction of Professor Villiers Stanford. Miss Ella Walker and Miss Ethel Webster, and Messrs. E. G. Branscombe and J. Sandbrook were, on the whole, satisfactory. Miss Maggie Davies as the waiting-maid acted and sang with much refinement and piquancy, and Mr. Margrath, who represented the cynical philosopher, Don Alfonso, also deserves commendation. The chorus had not

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much to do, but did that little well. The orchestra played with great finish. The new English version used was that of the Rev. Marmaduke Brown.

While writing about the Royal College of Music, we may mention the final concert of the term, held at Kensington on the 24th ult. Miss Ethel Sharpe was heard to advantage in Schumann's pianoforte Concerto in A minor. Miss Alice Elieson gave an expressive reading of a charming Adagio for violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment by Bargiel. The orchestral pieces were Brahms' Symphony in F, and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 2, given under the able direction of Professor Stanford.

The last concert of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music was held at St. James's Hall on Friday, 25th July. An orchestral Prelude by Mr. Learmont Drysdale proved, in spite of some weakness in the form, interesting. The programme included no less than three pianoforte Concertos—Liszt in E flat, Beethoven in G, and Rubinstein in the same key. Of these the first

promise by real greatness in maturity. Mere talent may soon reach its highest limit, but genius has in it the true germs of growth. We cannot but deprecate early publicity, although it is no doubt a great temptation to parents and friends to display and utilize these unusual powers, perhaps in the child's own interest, and to obtain the means of further development. After the successes of Josef Hoffmann and Otto Hegner, the public have become critical of childish performances, and perhaps this very fact will make them of rarer occurrence. Little Max Hombourg is younger than his predecessors, but we believe he possesses the true musical afflatus, and that he will become a distinguished musician if life and health are spared. Perhaps his physical power is not yet sufficient for a large public hall, but in private his playing is wonderful. When the writer had the pleasure of hearing him, the boy played Schubert, Chopin, Haydn, and Mozart, with ease, fluency, and spirit, and, best of all, with intelligence and manifest grasp of the composer's meaning.

This was especially evident in the pianoforte part of Mozart's Concerto in D. His little hands are well trained, and his own unique means of surmounting the difficulties consequent on his small frame were very entertaining. "Where there's a will there's a way" was abundantly proved by him. Max throws his whole energy into whatever he does. At dinner-time he was endeavouring, by the help of an English-speaking friend, to express his astonishment at the size of London, and its manifold railways with their intersecting lines, and illustrating what he meant by the forks and spoons laid crosswise in various directions. In the garden afterwards he was full of frolic, till suddenly music occurred to him, and, lifting his hand, "To the piano!" said he, and marched into the house, followed by his amused and admiring friends. Max was accompanied by his father, and a Russian friend, M. Wenewitoff, who is a fellow-townsmen of the Hombourgs. This gentleman, the representative of a large Russian house in London, is a musical enthusiast; and as he is an accomplished linguist, his friendship has been of great service to the Hombourgs, both as a medium of communication, and by bringing them before the musical world.

Max Hombourg was born on 1st August 1880, in Bogontchar, a small town of some 5000 inhabitants, in the Cossack district of Voronish, in South or Little Russia. His parents are both musical, as indeed are the whole family, of whom Max is the eldest. His mother has a fine voice, and sings well. Her second son, James, who is eight years old, is already showing talent as a violinist, and the third, little Boris, though only five, is eager to study the pianoforte.

Mr. Hombourg has for two years past been residing in Moscow, and is one of the professors at the Musical Conservatoire in that city. He studied at St. Petersburg under Professor Cross, a pupil of Rubinstein. He has been hitherto his son's only teacher. Max has played at the Philharmonic Concerts in Moscow, and at Princes' Hall, London.

We are sorry to hear that the Palestrina Choir of New York, which was founded only two or three years ago by Mr. Caryl Florio, has been dissolved. New York amateurs have not yet, it appears, been educated up to a taste for the music of Palestrina and his age.



was the best rendered. Mr. W. L. Lamb was the interpreter. Of the vocalists Miss Clara Sursey, who sang the great air of Agathe from the "Freischütz," was the most successful. The hall was crowded, and, as usual, there was much applause.

Max Hombourg in London.

MOST of our great players have been "wonder-children," and more or less before the world in their early youth, though it does not follow that all who have astonished the world in their childhood, especially of late years, will fulfil the brilliant

STEINWAY & SONS, Pianoforte Makers, by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.—ADV.

Music at Homburg.

“LIKE *bad* music out of doors better than *good* music indoors!” I once heard naively remarked by an undeniably musical person.

Was she quite in earnest? Probably not. But still there are, I think, few pleasanter things than to sit under a shady tree on a fine hot day, and listen to a band of even average excellence. To begin with, the mere fact of being in the open air is in itself deliciously soothing and refreshing, especially to us misguided English, who live far too much within four walls. The frame of mind which it induces is exactly the one best fitted for the enjoyment of music, upon which we at Homburg feast more or less all day long. We begin with a chorale at the Elisabethenbrunnen soon after 7 A.M.; and rather before ten at night a joyous polka gives the signal for retirement.

Early to bed and early to rise seems to be every one's motto.

The local band, or “Kur-orchester,” is about thirty strong, and boasts of some very good violins; and there is among the wind instruments an excellent clarinet. We have also a harpist—the only lady in the orchestra. I hope she is as good-tempered as she looks, for when the weather is as uncertain as it has been of late, the difficulties that she has to contend with must be enormous! Whenever it is at all possible to sit out of doors, the band plays in a kiosk in front of the Kur-saal. Mr. Kuhe's tall spare figure is generally to be seen on one of the chairs just below, and I have been told that since his arrival the musicians play much more carefully, and greater pains have been taken in the selection of the programme. We have something of Wagner's nearly every day, and last night Handel's Largo was creditably given; it is only fair to add that Mr. Tömlich, the Kapellmeister, is good nature itself as regards any special request that may be made to him. I have just had the pleasure of making his acquaintance; he is a short, slight person, of perhaps fifty years of age, with a grey moustache, and keen eyes twinkling kindly and humorously behind the inevitable spectacles. The energy with which he conducts is something extraordinary; it is not often that one sees a man so admirably fitted to his work, and doing it so unmistakably *con amore*. He assures me that he does not learn English because he is “too lazy,” but this is an assertion that I find it hard to believe.

We have an occasional variety in the shape of a military band—not otherwise than good, but now and then a little noisy; and last night, to our great delight and surprise, the Hungarian band appeared on the scene. I suppose it is almost too well known in England to need description, but to me, at any rate, it was new, and very interesting both to ears and eyes. Without a note of music before them, the performers took their seats in their picturesque blue uniform; their grave, sallow faces struck me as being agreeable and sympathetic in spite of their plainness, and the unanimity and spirit with which they played their national songs and dances was wonderful. It is all done entirely by ear.

Sometimes—but not very often during the summer—a good concert takes place in what is

called the “Gold saale” of the Kurhaus. About a fortnight ago there was one given by Mme. Etelka Gerster, whose fame has dwindled somewhat of late years, and a certain Herr Liebling, a pianist who has lately received the appointment of Director to the new Conservatorium in Berlin. Mme. Gerster's register is still very extensive; her style is, of course, as good as ever, and very dramatic, and her technical skill is remarkable. But, since her severe illness, her voice has certainly lost a little of its quality; its upper notes are less brilliant, and she has no longer the same perfect control of it. As for Herr Liebling, who has, I believe, never been heard in England, he has certainly a most powerful touch; in fact, it seemed to me that in a Barcarole of Moskowski's the *forte* passages were here and there rather exaggerated. After that came a Prelude of Mendelssohn's and Bach's best known Gavotte arranged for the left hand, and to both he did full justice. Perhaps his rendering of Chopin's Berceuse was a little affected; the excessive amount of *ritardando* which he introduced into it almost destroyed the melody. On the other hand, the last thing in the programme, a Pizzicato by Delibes, was charmingly played; and, on the whole, it is certain that Herr Liebling has already attained a considerable degree of eminence amongst pianists of his day. As he is still quite young, and evidently devoted to his profession, we may perhaps hear great things of him at some future time.

He has a curiously feminine Christian name. “Ah!” remarked a pretty American girl near me, as he made his first bow to the audience, “I presume this is Sally. He must be a smart one, I guess, for I am told he is to take over the *new conservatory*!”

VERA.

Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT
MUSICAL.)

CHAPTER X.

OUR dinner with Rubinstein next day was extremely jolly. The great composer was in the best of spirits, and rattled off story after story for our amusement; one especially characteristic tale sent Peacocke and myself into roars.

Rubinstein was relating his experiences in many lands, waxing most enthusiastic over Spain. He spoke at length of the wondrous charm of that land; how matchless the moonlight nights were there spent amidst the orange groves; and how graceful and poetic the Spanish women looked, with their large soft eyes, so dark and speaking; “and, mind, I saw very little of Spain, for I hurried away as quickly as possible; it was quite impossible for me to remain there,” said the pianist gravely.

“Your concert engagements prevented you, did they?” asked Peacocke quickly. Something in Rubinstein's manner puzzled us. The mere fact of his enthusiasm and the same time of his hurrying away and being “unable to stand Spain,” was enough to puzzle any one.

“Well, fancy,” said Rubinstein impressively, “the entire time I was there I was unable to approach a woman, for, I assure you, every living soul of the fair sex I came across simply reeked with garlic. Ouf! it was horrible, horrible; I couldn't stand it,” and as he finished,

the genial composer laughed, and threw back his long hair nervously.

Once in the Conservatory, where we went immediately after dinner, Rubinstein's humour changed completely, and he became very earnest. We were introduced to a few nervous officials; and on our way up to the concert room, I was amused to see all the students disappear into dark corners and behind recesses, and dodge round the corridors the moment they caught sight of Rubinstein; and far away at the end of one corridor, huddled together like sheep awaiting the slaughter, were gathered the pupils who on that evening were to perform. I remember as I caught sight of their pale, anxious faces I couldn't help wondering was it worth it all, nor help musing on the fate that sends so many poor children to the grinding torture of our music conservatories.

The concert room was more or less full, and Rubinstein was received standing—we, of course, had seats beside him—and the moment he sat down, a tiny child of about eleven years came on to the platform, and went almost faultlessly through Bach's Suite in E minor, playing the entire from memory.

Anyhow, I suppose I may put it all down to my not being musical, but the performance was a torture to me. The child was nervous, and looked nervous; her small little legs didn't reach to the pedals, her hands were thin and bony; once she forgot for a few bars in the Sarabande, and the thin pinched face grew whiter and whiter till at length she recovered herself, just when Rubinstein, who looked savage, was beginning to mutter and shake his head. At length, however, it was finished; the child stood up, gave a nervous glance, and made a low curtsy to Rubinstein, and then tripped hastily off the platform amidst perfect silence.

I looked around at the people: were they all mad not to applaud? and then, thoroughly disgusted, just as the child reached the door, I brought my two hands together, and gave a report like a cannon shot. Somebody near me giggled. Peacocke frowned and cried hush; and Rubinstein, laying his hands on mine, said sternly, “Applause is forbidden.” Of course I stopped at once, but not before I flushed crimson, to my own discomfiture and Peacocke's heartless amusement.

The same evening, too, we listened to a young English lad who really plays magnificently, and also to some very good violin playing—in fact, the St. Petersburg Conservatory is no mere music school, but a truly great school for turning out artists.

The concert being a success, Rubinstein went home in the best of humours after drinking a cup of tea, his ladies surrounding him, looking with admiring gaze whilst he swallowed it and smoked his cigarette.

Peacocke, however, came in for it from him. Rubinstein, it must be known, has no good idea of music in England, and as Peacocke has, they came into collision. What they came into collision over was the Royal College of Music. Peacocke maintained it to be as good as the St. Petersburg Conservatory; but when Rubinstein asked him to name one great artist it has turned out, he couldn't; of course he made capital out of the brief period it has existed, promising golden rewards for the future, but Rubinstein kept all the time at him to name one student who has achieved anything.

Peacocke became dreadfully hot and angry, and at length I had to interfere in order to prevent a quarrel; but from that and on every possible occasion, when Peacocke and Rubinstein touched on the same question, they invariably quarrelled.

Rubinstein had a hit all round at every one of any musical note in London, and he ridiculed Peacocke to the last degree because he spoke of our English School of Music, so that I had a hard task to console my friend.

Our stay in St. Petersburg was full of interest. We speedily made friends with all the artists, and had no end of a good time. Every Friday we had a rehearsal of the Symphony concert in the morning; every Friday evening we heard Rubinstein play; every Monday night we attended the Russian Opera; on Wednesdays and Saturdays we attended Rubinstein's pianoforte class, and on the remaining evenings we generally had either concerts, the Italian Opera, or else musical evenings, so what with all this, card parties and dinners at Rubinstein's, and suppers now and again which Peacocke and I gave, the time passed all too swiftly and well.

For me the great charm of all, however, was Rubinstein's lecture recitals on Friday evenings—in fact, I simply existed from one Friday to the other. We heard all the last sonatas of Beethoven; all Schubert, which Rubinstein plays so divinely; Weber, Mendelssohn, and then Schumann.

I was very curious over Schumann in London and in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. I had always been told no one could play Schumann but Madame Schumann; and many a time I have been charmed with that great artist's rendering, so that it grew to be a tradition with me that Madame Schumann was the one person to render her husband's music as it should be given. I sounded Rubinstein on this the evening before the recital, and as we listened Peacocke and I almost doubted our ears, for Rubinstein hotly denied that Madame Schumann understood her husband's music; in fact, he said—but I won't give it. One thing, however, I may give, and it is this—Madame Schumann, he said, always tried to make her husband's music classic, whereas in reality it was romantic, and this was the real proof that she didn't understand it; and, then, "how often, too," asked Rubinstein triumphantly, "do we not read of how Clara left the platform in tears after performing some work of her husband's, because the composer was not one of the applauders?"

I remarked that sometimes even Homer nods, but Rubinstein paid no attention to me.

The following evening, however, I heard his reading of Schumann, and I lost my head over it; certainly his Schumann was a revelation, nor of course could I decide. I am no musician; but if Clara Schumann's reading of Schumann be correct, then Rubinstein's reading of Schumann is simply wonderful, even divine.

The same night as we drove home in our sledge through a terrific snowstorm, Peacocke nudged me in the side, and said in a half whisper, the blinding snow driving between us like one white sheet,—

"Alexander, do you know, Rubinstein after all is right over Schumann, don't you think so?"

I simply made no answer, for silence is golden, and never commits one, and then I was no musician, only how I did wish that Peacocke's lady-love of Frankfort-on-the-Maine could hear him!

From that on till the spring one day was more or less like some preceding one for us. We heard everything that was to be heard in St. Petersburg, and now and again I had hard work to keep Rubinstein and Peacocke from fighting. Somehow the English and the Muscovite nature doesn't blend; and Rubinstein was not the only one with whom Peacocke came into contact; for, besides English music, there was another thing that made our blood boil, and that was the way in which we had to listen to the abuse of our friend Bülow.

In the Conservatory at Rubinstein's class we had many an amusing scene. Rubinstein's four pupils were all of them talented, but many a time they failed him, and I have seen the great composer start up in a sudden passion from his seat before the pianoforte, and make a grab like a bear at the unfortunate pupil, so that I often expected to find the great composer had finished the earthly career of his promising pupil at one hug; but he generally managed to play the big dog, and long before the grip would descend Rubinstein was in humour again, and usually ended by giving a kiss by way of compensation for the fright.

Sometimes, too, he would play for hours at a time, accompanying the pupils in their concertos, or merely showing them how the pieces should be played; and during the whole lesson, when in humour, he generally kept up a running commentary of droll remarks; then, besides all this, he uttered many a golden remark on art, and held up before the pupils' eyes the very highest ideals, always endeavouring to inspire them and lead them on to higher things.

Peacocke and myself made ourselves more or less at home in the Conservatory. We spent hours in the library looking over the collection of queer Eastern musical instruments, and poring over the rare MSS. and books; then, too, we attended the orchestral classes, and pretty much did as we liked, in fact, owing to the very great kindness of the directress or lady superintendent, Mdlle. Marie Olchine.

But the spring came; and the seven weeks of the long Lent went by; and although Peacocke nor I didn't fast from all butter, eggs, and meat, like the Russians, we managed to enter into all the gaiety of the Easter-tide with full zest.

Late on the Saturday before Easter we got into our dress clothes, and repaired to St. Isaac's, the great Russian Cathedral. This wonderful building was filled to the very furthest limits with a gorgeous assembly of ladies in full evening costume, and military men in full dress. The whole place was brilliantly lighted, and every person present carried a lighted candle. A little after eleven the service commenced; the air became heavy with incense; and the priests began to chant in a low, sweet, monotonous tone the gospels and prayers, the choir singing magnificently at intervals. At twelve o'clock the streets were all illuminated, great globes of fire burned on the four great domes of the cathedral, and at an appointed time the Russians, turning to each other, cried, "Christ is risen," and kissed each other on the cheek three times.

Peacocke and I were surrounded by ladies, so we had a great time of it. I remember twenty-five times, in triple time, pressing my moustache on the soft cheeks of twenty-five charming Russian women, and feeling twenty-five pretty lips touch my cheeks. Then Peacocke at last got jealous at my vigorous following of this Russian custom and dragged me away, and we went to drink wine and eat caviare at several Russian houses, so that next morning, or rather the same morning, at ten o'clock we dragged our weary limbs to bed, and only awoke the same evening after our Easter carouse, Russian fashion, in time for dinner.

After that St. Petersburg for a short time was not very agreeable, for the snow began to melt, and the streets were full of slush; but then some warm sunny days came, drying up everything, and a week later the air was full of spring loveliness, a wild, sweet fragrance came to us from the south, the trees began to bud in all the gardens, and one fine day Peacocke and I laid aside our furs, and hiring ourselves two horses, we went for a long day's ride to the woods in Finland.

After this the concerts and opera ceased, and

Rubinstein became busier and busier than ever—the examinations in the Conservatory having commenced, so that hardly once in a week had we a good game of whist together; but the weather became better and better, the days longer and longer, till early in May we had the first of the poetic white nights.

It was all something delightfully new for Peacocke and me, and not an hour's drive from the city we had light French Opera, and concerts of the best kind. Sometimes we went by water to the theatre called Arcadia in the Kamanoi Island, not far from the palace of the grand Duchess Helen, where Rubinstein passed some of his youth. Sometimes we drove with two superb Orloffs that Peacocke had lavishly brought to use during his stay in Russia; and then, after listening to Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette," "Faust," or "Carmen," we came home in that wonderful half light, through the woods where the nightingales were singing, and passed pretty villas half hidden behind the lilac bushes surrounding them, these being covered with white and purple luxurious blossom.

Altogether the month of May passed for us very happily, and then, early in June, we went with Rubinstein to Peterhof.

Here we had little or no music, but we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless. Of course we had the concerts every evening in the park in sight of the Imperial Palace; but we often preferred to spend the evening with Rubinstein, and smoke a cigarette with him in the lovely perfumed air on his terrace.

Every day after breakfast, or rather luncheon, as we English call it, we played billiards with the composer, and then whilst the composer wrote, leaving us all to go up into his private room, a lovely one too, in a tower built from the house, we, that is, Peacocke, Rubinstein's two sons, myself, and any others that chanced to be with us, amused ourselves as the fancy took us, riding, boating; bathing, driving, smoking lazily, playing lawn tennis, and, in fact, very often simply flirting if ladies were by.

Part of the same summer, too, we spent in Finland, calling to see Sophie Menter in her villa at Tergorki, where we found that charming pianist taking her holiday quietly; and then about the middle of August we returned to Peterhof and spent our last week with Rubinstein. The genial composer was very good to us; and many an hour Peacocke and I spent in the composer's study looking over the waters of the Gulf of Finland and listening to the composer as he played Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, or Bach, just as the fancy took him.

How were we ever to tear ourselves away? Peacocke and I asked each other sadly as the days sped on; but our musical tour had to come to an end sometime, and we were, both of us, due in London in September. At length, however, Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg, we to our hotel, and our boxes had to be packed; finally, we were seated at a farewell dinner with Rubinstein.

This last evening remains in my memory. Rubinstein was as jolly as ever; and after dinner, as we three were alone, he sat down at my request to the pianoforte and played the Beethoven sonata, Op. 90, that I love so much.

Neither Peacocke nor myself could speak; but at eleven we were thanking the composer for all his kindness to us, and then our last adieus were said, and the door shut out the striking well-known figure of the greatest pianist of our time from our sight.

Next day we were leaving St. Petersburg behind us, and two days later we were in

Berlin. Judge of our delight there to find Bülow. We had one supper together, and then, after a rough passage, we landed at Dover, and at last Peacocke and I found ourselves safe and sound in our old den once more.

Everything looked pretty much the same,—the busts of all the musical composers around smiled or frowned down on us according to their habit; in every corner Peacocke's music was piled; and even our old tabby cat, looking nothing the older for the long year and a half we had spent apart, was asleep on the hearth-rug.

We both felt very dejected, Peacocke and I. Our musical tour had come to an end,—we had seen very much and heard very much,—it was perhaps the happiest time spent in both our lives, but after all we weren't very much wiser; we could listen to as good music in London as any we could listen to on the Continent, always, of course, excepting the great stars only to be heard in their native heavens; but music and musicians were still as great a puzzle to me as ever. I couldn't understand the internal discord existing between them, so that so far the tour had been a failure for me.

Peacocke had finished his breakfast, and was sitting caressing his violin.

"Well, our musical tour is ended," he said sadly. "We have left Bülow and Rubinstein and all the others behind,—but such is life, everything has an end; still we have always Bayreuth before us next year, Alexander; we have that to look forward to, so keep up your spirits, old fellow."

Then he went away to play double sixths or tenths, or some such torture on his violin, leaving me by the fireside to smoke my pipe and muse sadly over the scenes we had just passed through.

THE END.

Bülow's Reading of Beethoven.

CHAPTER I.

AS a disciple of Beethoven, there is no name standing higher amongst contemporary musicians than that of Hans von Bülow; and whatever the faults of the latter may be as a man, there can be no question of his distinguished superiority as an artist. No man has worked harder at giving the public and the music-studying youth of Germany higher ideals than he, and one more learned in the classics than Hans von Bülow does not exist anywhere to-day.

Bülow has many enemies, and makes for himself many more daily, by his own irritable character, and that weakness of his for doing anything, no matter what, only to come into the public gaze; but, laying all that aside, and giving him justice, most of us must go on our knees before that splendid intellect, so keen and analytic, and one must honour a musician who is so determined an enemy of the charlatan.

If it were only for this hostile attitude of his to everything musically unworthy, Bülow would have earned all our gratitude.

I have been fortunate enough to have attended his pianoforte classes, and to have studied carefully Beethoven under him. I have had the same lucky opportunity with Rubinstein. The methods of the two masters are widely dissimilar. Rubinstein, strange to say, is more

conservative; Bülow a greater thinker; and in a series of papers, of which this is the first, I shall give, as far as possible, a synopsis of both their methods, taking the latter sonatas of Beethoven for this purpose, and commencing with the thirty-two variations in C minor. This is one of Bülow's favourite programme pieces, and one he places in the hand of every student before commencing the study of Beethoven. He finds, he says, that most of the peculiar technical difficulties of Beethoven's music are found in these variations, and that the shortness of their form makes them acceptable to the student for studying. These variations he finds also invaluable as a thorough finger drill, and the pianoforte player who attempts them will thoroughly agree here with the great Doctor.

The Thema, Bülow, as well as Rubinstein, plays in a marked and forcible manner according to Beethoven's own directions, and the student should take care to notice all rests and the holding value of each note; for Beethoven admits of no *tempo rubati* rhythm.

Bülow's fingering is a little peculiar, and at first sight seems almost uncomfortable; but the results after using it are good, and one sees how very deep Bülow himself has penetrated into the difficulties of Beethoven.

The fingering I give in the following—the Continental way of numbering being kept to.



The variations from one till and including eleven Bülow plays without a break; and he is of opinion that they should—as their character would seem to indicate—be played without pathos or any exaggeration of feeling; and, perhaps, if the majority of students master these decidedly stiff bits of technique, it will be as much as they can, without troubling their head further as to adding expression, which unfortunately in the minds of most means sentimentality. Students should beware of this often unknown failure in their playing, especially those who attempt Beethoven; for, as Bülow said often, the great Bonn master has never written a bar of sentimental music in his life.

The first variation is played by Bülow in a flowing manner, great attention being paid to the touch and evenness of stroke—these must be flawless, whilst the quaver on the third beat of every bar has a mark of accent on it.

The sixth bar of this first variation is a difficult one. On the second beat of the bar a new phrase commences with a *sforzando*. Bülow uses from this the pedal till the fifth semiquaver in that group, played by the right hand; after that the entire till the end is taken *piano*.

Most students, if not prevented, are apt to use the pedal freely in this variation; but woe

betide them should they dare to do so before Bülow or Rubinstein, unless they be careless of becoming reputed with that gravest of all faults to those masters,—that explained by the German term *unmusikalisch*, an unforgivable shortcoming even in their eyes.

Looking at this, however, from a more moderate point of view, it is a fault very likely to arise with any pupil, not excepting the most brilliant; for at first sight the variation would seem, from a virtuoso point of view, to need pedalling (of course the student who attempts Beethoven will long since have mastered the right use of the pedal from an harmonic point), for there is nothing in the harmony to prevent it. But suppose the pedal is used, what is the result? Simply that the second inversion of the chord of C minor is sounding and clouds that chord given uninverted in the bass, whilst a glance at the variation will show that whereas the treble of this variation is merely a piece of clever counterpoint, the interest lies with the bass; and this, therefore, is the reason why neither Bülow nor Rubinstein would use the pedal in this variation, except at the above-mentioned second beat of bar six.

The entire variation must be played *piano* by the right hand, and there should be no break of even the faintest kind between it and the second variation.

In this variation the interest is *vice versa*.

Variation three taxes the utmost skill of even the most talented player; and to play the arpeggio passages *pp* as Bülow does—round, even, and cleanly—is no mean accomplishment. In this variation Bülow uses the pedal for the first one and a half beats of bars one, three, and five, and for the two last beats of bar six, using a mark of emphasis on the first note of the second beat, bar six, the first note of the second and third beats, bar seven, and the first note of the first beat, bar eight.

Bülow uses and advises in this variation a slight, but very slight, stop at the first note of bars one, three, and five, in order to avoid dryness; and the student who possesses that valuable gift, the art of concealing art, should imitate him.

Variation four is one of those where the innate taste of the student will speedily show itself, as also his ability for part-playing.

It must be played *piano*, the treble and bass must be distinct and unclouded, the bass being more staccato than the treble, and the middle voice round, nicely touched, even, and staccato.

To do all this will require no little time and patience. The second beat of each bar must be accented, and at bars five and six Bülow uses the following:—



From the theme till the end of this bar the time Bülow uses is M.M. ♩ = 100-104.

At variation five, the time he gives is M.M. ♩ = 96.

Over this variation Bülow and Rubinstein differ considerably, for the former chooses to take a liberty to which the latter objects; that is, he uses two distinct times or rhythms in playing, hastening a little over the first half of bars one, two, three, four, and five, and delaying over the latter half of these bars, besides hastening on in bars six and seven. Rubinstein plays all strictly in time; and perhaps, since all students are not Bülow's, it is well to follow

Rubinstein's example, if not from taste, from caution.

Bülow's reading of this variation is so complex, and it would take so long to explain, that I give instead the variation with all his marks, as below—

The phrasing of the last four bars one can see at a glance by the foregoing is something to startle one; and the lifting of the one hand in order to begin a phrase, whilst the other hand plays a legato phrase, is really difficult, and it is a part of pianoforte playing too much, in fact I may say altogether, neglected by the majority of pianoforte teachers and pianoforte students.

This is a truly Beethoven variation, and only minute attention to the phrasing will leave the ordinary pianoforte player clear of making a caricature of it; and it is because of its extreme difficulty from the phrasing point that I find it well for the average student to copy Rubinstein, and not Bülow, as to rhythm; for it requires genius to manage the rhythm and the phrasing at once, so difficult do they become here.

Variation six gives the student a rest from the musical, that is, the intellectual point of view, although his fingers will have to do more.

It is played throughout double *forte* and *staccato*, the first note of each group of quavers being marked *sforzando*. It is a variation which must be played strictly in time, and that Bülow gives as MM. $\text{♩} = 100$.

Variation seven is *cantabile*, and the first bass note of each bar must be emphatically given. The long quaver passage in octaves is played *decrescendo*, the first note in the treble of bars four and five is emphasized, and the last three bars are played as follows:—

Variation eight is not difficult, but, as in the preceding variation, the first note of the bass must be marked, and the whole of bar one is a *crescendo* from *piano* to *forte* the first note of bar two, which latter is a *decrescendo*—bars three, four, and five ditto.

Bars six, seven, and eight are as below:—

(To be continued.)

King Arthur.

A DRAMATIC CANTATA.

By JOHN MORE SMETON.

IN these days of the multiplication of choral societies, many of our readers will, we feel sure, be interested to hear of a new cantata, which by reason both of its attractiveness and simplicity is peculiarly fitted for performance by amateur musicians. Mr. More Smeton is already favourably known as the composer of several bright and well-written choral works, but his new dramatic cantata, "King Arthur," is, if we mistake not, one of the most ambitious compositions that has yet issued from his pen.

The libretto, by Mr. James Smeton, is based upon certain incidents in the life of Arthur, related in the *History of the Britons* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and in the *Morte d'Arthur* by Sir Thomas Malory. The first part is less dramatic in character than the second, and treats chiefly of the quest of the magic blade, and the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere. After a short prelude the scene opens at Arthur's court at Camelot. A band of retainers sing a spirited chorus of welcome to their king on his triumphant return after a conquest over the invading Saxons. This is followed by a melodious tenor romance, "Mid the glory of the springtime," addressed by Arthur to Guinevere. Guinevere requires him to win the magic blade in return for the gift of her hand. After a consultation with Merlin, the king and the bard embark upon the lake to the music of a chorus of lake spirits, "Lightly we glide." Arthur seizes the sword held up by the magic arm, and returns with his prize to Camelot. Scene III. begins with an aria for Guinevere, "Star of departing day," followed by a really charming duet for the king and queen, "Love of my youthful days." A trio for Guinevere, Arthur, and Merlin, and a wedding chorus of knights and maidens, bring the first part to an end.

The second part, which opens with a short intermezzo "Changing from joy to sorrow," is decidedly more dramatic in character, containing, as it does, the fall of Camelot, the battle against the traitor Mordred, and the death of Arthur. The most interesting numbers are a

duet for the king and queen, "Leave me not," a striking legend for Merlin, "In the vault of the purple night," and a dashing chorus of soldiers and camp-followers, "Now are myriad sabres flashing." After the Passing of Arthur an epilogue for chorus of Celestials, "Hail to the Country of the Golden West," brings this clever and interesting composition to an effective conclusion.

The King and the Piano.

THE King of Greece (says *Truth*) was fearfully bored, when at Aix, by the sets made at him by professional beauties who had not the talent to conceal their art. One of them hired the flat near his lodging, and a piano. Her musical education was neglected, but she knew how to play the Greek hymn. Whenever his Majesty returned from the baths she struck it up. If there is an air the king hates more than another, it is that one. He has had to listen to it many times every day at Athens for twenty-seven years. Whenever he goes to a casino, concert, or opera, the orchestra gives him several bars. In short, it is to him so fearfully hackneyed that it gets on his nerves if, when it is being played, he cannot think of something else, and thus shut it out from his ears. But the professional beauty stumbled, and so got involved in false notes that he could not be deaf to her performance. He lost his temper over and over again, and sent message after message to the landlord to beg that he would silence her pianoforte. This the landlord feared to do, as the lady spent money far more freely than the potentate, and drew to the hotel rich fools, who paid for poor champagne as though it were Widow Clicquot's best. The affair was arranged by a Greek from Marseilles making the acquaintance of the lady, and confiding to her some of his Majesty's defects. One of them was a born hatred of music, which he thought noise, and the other a taste for frumpish German women, who never painted, kept quiet, and had not a soul above knitting and darning stockings. The beauty changed her tactics accordingly. His Majesty was no longer bored by the Greek air, and I should not wonder if he sent an Order to the diplomatic person who induced his fair neighbour to shut up her piano.

A KNOWING DONKEY.—The English version of M. Audran's operetta "La Cigale et La Fourmi," is shortly to be produced at the Lyric Theatre. Some of the Paris papers assert that a trio in which a donkey takes part is to be one of the features of the performance, and that the composer has gone over to coach his four-footed interpreter. We happen to have heard some weeks ago of this miraculous jackass, which figured in the piece when it was given at the Gaité. His *role* there consisted in saying "Yes" or "No" by shakes of his head, and he was so letter perfect in it that the English manager determined to secure his services. He accordingly commissioned a friend in Paris to obtain the wonderful artist at any cost. There was no little difficulty in discovering him, but he was at last found, proved a very handsome animal,—French asses are all magnificent,—and the stiffish price asked for him was paid without hesitation. The bargain once concluded, it transpired that the prodigy was no prodigy at all, and that any donkey, whatever his nationality, could say "Yes" and "No" just as well as he. All depends on knowing the secret. Scratch underneath an ass's neck, and he will bob his head; blow gently in his ear, and he will shake it; so that nothing can be easier than to make him reply affirmatively or negatively to the question put to him. But if since his sojourn on English soil this Gallic ass has developed musical qualities in which his biped compatriots are so deficient, he is not a bad bargain.

In a Cathedral Close.

IN these days of hurry and turmoil, of discontent and agitation, when the hand of every man is against his master, and the clause "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters" is practically crossed out of the Catechism, the very existence of a Cathedral, a Close, and the inhabitants thereof, seems to be little short of an anachronism. In these little oases which are still to be found amid the dreary quicksands of uncertainty and change, Conservatism flourishes like a green bay-tree; loyalty to the Queen, faith in the House of Lords, and a perfect satisfaction with existing institutions, being part of the creed of Close society. Here, too, bloom the flowers of content with narrow means, of submission to pastors and masters, and of charity to those in poverty or distress. Here still flow the clear waters of religious belief, unpolluted by doubt or controversy.

From this it will be gathered that a Cathedral Close is, in the eyes of modern lights, a very old-fashioned hum-drum sort of place, and Close society not at all worth cultivating. Even the cathedral officials must be considered a poor-spirited set, for we never hear of a strike among the choristers for shorter anthems, or a lock-out among the vergers for higher pay. In spite, however, of these manifest disadvantages, a Cathedral Close is not without its attractions, offering, as it does, opportunities for the nearest approach to the monastic life to be found in this country at the close of the nineteenth century. The dwellers in the outside world seem to labour under a curiously complete ignorance of the habits and customs of a cathedral chapter, if one may judge from modern fiction. The average novelist who lays his scene in a cathedral city, represents the bishop and dean as being on the best of terms, knows nothing of the great gulf that is fixed between a canon and a minor canon, and actually seems to imagine that choristers are almost as good as they look.

Having been born and brought up in a Cathedral Close, I am going to attempt to dispel such delusions, and to give some account of these matters as they really are; at least, as regards the cathedral with which I am familiar. This cathedral then, which for the nonce shall assume the name of Blankaster, stands in the midst of the most charming and poetic of Closes. Great lime trees stand like guardians round stretches of green turf; to most of the houses are attached leafy old-fashioned gardens; while past the north end of the precincts runs, or rather saunters, the river, which, like everything else at Blankaster, is narrow and deliberate in character. The monks of old, it must be allowed, usually showed genius in their choice of a site for cathedral or monastery. They, like the Psalmist, desired to have their abode in the midst of green pastures, by the side of still waters.

The Close, as it is now constituted, offers a little haven of refuge for those who desire leisure, quiet, and freedom from the turmoil of the outer world. At the principal entrance stands a guardian angel in human guise, who is supposed to prevent the incursion of beggars, street musicians, and other undesirable persons. Every evening at a quarter to ten the five Close gateways are shut. At one alone can the keeper of late hours obtain ingress after the magic hour has passed; and even then he must

be prepared for the reproachful looks of the porter whom he has roused from the slumbers of the just. It may well be imagined that the length of life attained by the dwellers within the Close is quite phenomenal; indeed, it is generally asserted that those among them who desire to shuffle off this mortal coil are obliged to go away on a visit in order to carry out their object.

The society in the Close may be described as extremely "good," at least in the literal sense of the word. Most of the inhabitants are considered eligible for admittance to such general gatherings as the garden-parties at the Palace, or the working-parties at the Deanery. A more select few are privileged to enjoy the excellent dinners given by the canons, who usually constitute the connecting link between the Close and the outer world. Rubbers for moderate points are not unknown at the parties of the cathedral dignitaries; but the latter may fairly claim to be only following the example set by a former bishop of Blankaster. This eminent divine, who was an enthusiastic whist-player, set out upon his first round of confirmations in his travelling-carriage, accompanied by his secretary. The latter, knowing his lordship's little weakness, whispered confidentially, "I put a pack of cards in my bag, my lord."

"Did you?" responded the bishop drily; "I put two in mine."

Even our cathedrals were affected by the laxness which prevailed in matters pertaining to the Church during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. For example, the statutes of Blankaster Cathedral provide for the maintenance of the dean, six canons, eight minor canons, eight lay-clerks, and ten choristers. The minor canons, whose office it is to intone the service, were also originally intended to join in the singing of the chants and anthems, and thus reinforce the lay-clerks. The whole body were intended to be present at the services, but it was thoughtfully provided that each member should have one week in eight free, "in order that he might wash his surplice."

As time went on, it became necessary to supplement the minor canons' modest income of £10 a year; to this end they were presented with the small livings in the gift of the dean and chapter, holding, on an average, two or three apiece. The rule of attendance now became reversed, for each served at the cathedral one week in eight. This, however, was not so fatal to the performance of the cathedral music as it would have been in earlier times, since it had come to be the custom for the dean to give away the minor canonries to his friends, quite irrespective of their musical capabilities. Some forty years ago the Ecclesiastical Commissioners came down "like a wolf on the fold," cut down the canonries to four, and the minor canonries to three, besides making many other drastic changes.

The dean is head of the chapter, and possesses authority in the cathedral almost as absolute as that of a captain on board his ship. In old times this sometimes led to abuses, for appalling deeds were done in the name of restoration and improvement which would be simply impossible in these days of outspoken public and press opinion. The bishop is not, as many imagine, a member of the chapter. He is termed the Visitor, and matters in dispute among the chapter may be laid before him. Each canon is in residence for three months in the year, during which period he preaches on Sunday afternoons, and reads one of the lessons. Some amusing anecdotes are related of certain of the canons appointed during the early and middle part of this century, who were occasionally more secular in their dress and habits than their successors of the present day.

It is recorded of one, a distinguished man of science and a college don, that he used to walk about the Close in cold weather in a coat made of skins with the fur outside. He was accustomed to attend the cathedral service wearing a black tie. One of the minor canons, encouraged by this example, appeared one day in a tie of checked black and white. This delinquent was promptly sent for by the dean, and asked what he meant by such conduct.

"Well, Mr. Dean," was his very natural excuse, "my tie is only half as black as the canon's."

Our cathedrals have always been of inestimable value to the cause of art in this country, first, as a school of English architecture, and secondly, as the cradle of English music. The bishops and abbots of the early Church were architects first and priests afterwards. They were the true alchemists, for they had discovered the secret of turning dead gold into living stone. Gazing upon such a cathedral as that of Blankaster, one might well imagine that a vision of so much beauty in their midst would exercise a refining, ennobling influence upon all the dwellers beneath its walls. Yet, little more than two centuries ago, the inhabitants of Blankaster sent a petition to the Protector for permission to pull down their cathedral, and build a work-house with the materials. Even the soul of Oliver revolted against such barbarism, and he refused his sanction.

The musical part of the cathedral service is that which appeals the most strongly to the majority of the congregation. To the regular attendants the cathedral takes the place of opera-house and concert hall. The singing of the men and boys and the playing of the organist are criticised and discussed with much energy, if not with an equal amount of science. The "star" boys receive more admiration and petting than is good for them until their voices crack; then they descend at once from their pedestals, and become ordinary, uninteresting hobbledehoys. The weekly *répertoire*, or "combination," as it is technically called, is compiled by the precentor, the most attractive anthems and services being chosen for Sundays and Saturday afternoons.

The history of music at Blankaster, at least in modern times, is so closely connected with the life and work of Dr. L. that it is impossible to speak of one without giving some account of the other. First as a chorister, and afterwards as choirmaster and organist, Dr. L. served in Blankaster Cathedral for upwards of seventy years, a rare example of faithful work in one sphere, and undivided devotion to one object. As an organist he was, perhaps, somewhat old-fashioned in style and taste, his accompaniments to the Psalms being at times a trifle too realistic in character, but as a trainer of boys he was not without genius. In L.'s time the Blankaster boys were famous among choirs. At the present day we hear many complaints of the scarcity of good boys' voices; L., however, never seemed to have any difficulty in finding his raw material. If the voices did not come to him, he went to the voices. It used to be said that he heard a boy crying wares in the streets in musical tones, he would follow him home, and persuade his parents to allow him to become a "trial boy." Of these "trial boys" there were usually some six or eight; little fellows in mufti, singing with the full-fledged seraphs, and promoted into the choir as soon as a vacancy occurred.

The pay of the choristers is little more than nominal, but they receive a free education, and in L.'s reign, if they showed promise, became his apprentices, and in course of time found little difficulty in obtaining good appointments

as organists and choirmasters. During his later years at Blankaster, L. played the organ by deputy, and occupied himself during the service by conducting the choir from his favourite position beneath the organ-loft. This he did, not by the usual method, but by means of a system of signs, closing his eyes, wagging his head, even yawning and blowing his nose, according as the singing should be taken louder or softer, faster or slower. The appearance of a conductor with a baton in their midst would probably have scandalized the congregation, but Dr. L.'s method they suffered with the greatest equanimity. In short, L. was what is popularly termed a "character," such a character, indeed, as can only be brought to full perfection amid the fostering circumstances and surroundings of life in a Cathedral Close.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. More dance-music! One would think that the spirit of the Pied Piper had entered into all the composers of pianoforte music; not that they free us from rats,—nothing half so useful,—but they try to set everybody waltzing.

Miss Seaton. With very indifferent success. Strauss is the only genuine descendant of the Pied Piper.

Dr. M. I always find myself examining the pictures on the covers of dance-music with interest and wonder, not unmixed with awe. Here, however, is a waltz with actually a pretty picture on the cover. It is called "Sea-dreams Waltz," by Pierre Perrot (Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh). The picture represents a little fisher-lad, sitting on the sands, presumably dreaming with his eyes wide open. Fortunately, it is executed in black and white; colours always prove such a snare to these musical draughtsmen. I am forgetting the waltz itself, which is not quite so pretty as the picture, but still is distinctly tuneful, like most of Pierre Perrot's compositions. "La Fileuse" is a lively, if not very original, polka by the same composer (Paterson & Sons). The "Espanita Waltz," by Charles Deacon (Ascherberg & Co., London), is an arrangement of the song of that name, which has been sung by Madam Marie Roze. Consequently, there is a portrait of her in the middle of a red fan on a mauve ground. The two colours are using very unparliamentary language to one another. The melody sounds better in waltz form than as a song, since, in the latter case, the accent came constantly on the wrong syllables. Two more waltzes of average merit are "La Margherita," by G. W. Crawford (Dunn & Davidson, Edinburgh), and the "Swallow Waltz," by Charles Stephens (Wicks & Co., London).

Trevor. Have you brought nothing but dance-music to-day?

Dr. M. I have besides Books 7, 8, 9, and 10 of "Original Voluntaries for Organ or Harp," by G. H. Swift (Alphonse Cary, London), and a set of six "Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte, to promote Independence

and Flexibility of Finger," by Walter Brooks (Marriott & Williams, London), a useful little work of medium difficulty.

Miss S. I have a song called "Singing a Lullabye," by R. W. Edwards (Paterson & Sons). I daresay most young mothers would consider it perfectly "sweet," but to my unprejudiced ears, both words and music sound decidedly mawkish. "Sing again, Sweet Bird," by Frances Harris (Marriott & Williams) is rather pretty, and would be suitable for a light high soprano. "My Dollie," by Stanislaus Elliot (Marriott & Williams), is a set of four very easy pieces, with vocal part, for children. In it are graphically described Dollie's Arrival, First Ball, Wedding, and Collapse. I should think it would prove very attractive to children, whose music lessons are too often made a toil and drudgery, by reason of pieces beyond both their powers and their understanding.

Mrs. M. Quite true. To this day the very name of Mozart's Sonatas is hateful to me, because at a very tender age I was forced to wrestle with the dreadful things. I remember I always had a second music-stool by the side of me, which I used to bang as a means of letting off the steam, when, in spite of all my struggles, some passage proved too much for my stumpy little fingers. I was brought up to respect the feelings of the piano, so I never learned to bang the keys. Have you any more songs?

Miss S. Yes; I have kept the best to the last. It is a setting of Wordsworth's poem "At the Corner of Wood Street," by W. Frankenstein (Marriott & Williams). I am ashamed to say I have never been able to read Wordsworth; I have often tried, but have been repulsed by what seemed to me his excessive dulness. Therefore I did not know this poem, which is really extremely natural and charming. The melody is simple and appropriate, but the accompaniment might, with advantage, be a little more varied in character.

Miss C. I don't know the poem; what is it about?

Miss S. It is about a lark which sings at the corner of Wood Street, wherever that may be. Susan, who is apparently a north-country girl, when she hears "in the silence of morning the note of the bird," sees, as if by enchantment,—

"A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside."
She sees the pastures and her cottage home;
then the poem ends:

"She looks and her heart is in heav'n, but they
fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade.
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her
eyes."

I can quite feel for poor Susan.

Boyne. You were praising the poem just now for being natural. Isn't it curious what a rare quality that is not only in poetry, but also in music, and more than all in people. But how delightful it is when we do meet with it! Why can't everybody be natural, both in themselves and in their works?

Mrs. M. I don't think it would answer for everybody to be natural. For instance, if one happened to be in the company of a pickpocket, one would prefer, for the sake of one's purse, that he should not be natural. Again, in society, it is surely much better that all the naturally ill-tempered and selfish people one meets should be affectedly pleasant and self-sacrificing. It is only the nicest people that can afford to be natural.

Boyne. All the same, I maintain that if people would allow themselves to be natural, they would become nice.

Trevor. It is never any use trying to argue with Boyne; he wouldn't give up the last word if he were paid for it. It is a bad habit he learnt in Germany. The first of my songs is a serenade called "To Thee," by J. Barone (Marriott & Williams). The composer is a good deal handicapped by some very unmelodious verses; still, he has contrived to write a fairly pleasing little song, which is none the worse for a few reminiscences. "I love you so," by Paston Cooper (Ascherberg & Co.), is, as may be imagined, an extremely sentimental composition, but it "sings" rather well. The "Gatekeeper's Daughter," by Whewall Bowling (Marriott & Williams), calls itself a ballad; but it lacks real simplicity, and some of the harmonies are more peculiar than pleasant. The art of genuine ballad-writing seems to be lost. Our composers can turn out drawing-room ballads by the yard; but they cannot write a song that will take a place in the repertoire of the people, that

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Will use to chaunt."

Mrs. M. I suppose the fact is we have all grown too clever, and can't demean ourselves to be plain and simple. Among the violin pieces I have had sent me lately is a series of "Popular Gems of Handel, arranged as duets for Violin and Piano," by Ludwig Schumann (Marriott & Williams). Of course, such a series could not be complete without the celebrated "Largo," which every amateur plays on some instrument or other. I suppose there never was so effective a piece that was equally easy to play. Also, of course, there is the hackneyed aria "Lascia ch'io pianga." I am prejudiced against that, because it was the stock-song of a great-aunt of mine, long after she had lost her voice. Most of these arrangements are easy, but that of the "Occasional Overture" is one of the most elaborate. The accompaniments might have been filled in a little more. They are rather bald. The "Seladon Valse," by Franz Leideritz (Marriott & Williams), is a nice easy little drawing-room piece. A "Mazurka," by E. Polonaski (Alphonse Cary), is a very different style of thing. It is correctly described on the title-page as a "Solo Brillante de Concert," and the mere sight of it would be enough to frighten the ordinary amateur out of his six senses. I say six advisedly, because he does not seem always to possess the sense of hearing.

Boyne. I have a song called "Captor and Captive," by E. J. Quance (Marriott & Williams). It is described as a song of Araby, and is supposed to be addressed by an Arab warrior to his bride. It has a sort of "galloping" refrain, and was, I should imagine, inspired by the ever-popular "Arab Love-song," "The Fisherman," by Gerald Lane (Marriott & Williams), is a spirited sea-song, with an effective accompaniment, and would be very suitable to a rollicking baritone with a big voice. "True to Me," by P. Jackman (Marriott & Williams), is another nautical song, and describes how a jolly tar, with an idyllic faith in his sweetheart's constancy, goes about singing, "True to me, true to me." When he arrives at Dover, however, he finds that she is already married. He wastes very little time in singing "False to me," but quickly consoles himself with another pretty girl, and sails away again, singing his sanguine refrain, "True to me, true to me." I suppose, being a sailor, he had

learnt by experience that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

Miss Collins. I have a little Scotch song called "The Love-lilt of the Lark," by Gordon Pirrie (Methven, Simpson, & Co.). The melody is so extremely Scotch that one would fancy the composer had taken half a dozen of the best-known Scotch ballads, boiled them down, and extracted the essence. The words by Alex. Anderson are really pretty. "Twenty miles to London Town," by Gerald Lane (Marriott & Williams), is a modern and inferior version of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." The melody is commonplace, with a jingling refrain. "Easter Eve," a sacred song with violin and organ obligato, by Charles Gounod (Paterson & Sons), is in the composer's latest and worst style. Gounod seems to have forgotten how to write melody, for this dreary song consists chiefly of repetitions of one note. How the composer of "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet," of "Nazareth" and the "Maid of Athens," can have the heart to write such stuff it is difficult to conceive. One can only suppose that he is falling into a musical dotage.

Mr. Henry Leslie.

By G. H. B.

[The subjoined article should have accompanied Mr. Leslie's portrait in last month's *Magazine of Music*, but in consequence of sudden and severe indisposition our contributor was unable to complete it in time.—E.D.]

WHEN Mr. Henry Leslie, tired of the fret and worry which of a necessity surrounds a public career in these days, decided to retire to the privacy of his charming home amongst the Welsh hills, the world of music lost one whom it could ill afford to spare, and upon whose like it will seldom look again. For a period of close upon half a century has Mr. Leslie been before the public in more or in less degree, the position he occupied during half of that time being at once unique and unassailable. It may be that to future generations who knew not "Leslie's Choir," Mr. Leslie will be almost solely known by the numerous compositions that bear his name. It is safe to say, however, that to his contemporaries Mr. Leslie is more honoured and renowned in that it was he who gave to us a body of vocalists who so long and so worthily upheld the prestige of English musicianship at home and abroad—a choir indeed that has had few if any equals in the whole history of choral music.

I first met Mr. Leslie in the spring of 1883, and for four years I was in almost constant touch with him. It was only comparatively recently, though, that I prevailed upon him to relate to me the story of his life.

Mr. Leslie is of Scottish descent, his grandfather being a native of Arbroath, whence, about the middle of last century, he migrated to London, and, with most successful results, established a tailor's business in Conduit Street. Upon his death, his son, Mr. John Leslie, father of the subject of this sketch, succeeded to the business.

"He was, however," observed Mr. Leslie to me, "much more of a public administrator than a commercial man. He was a member of the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, and a man of mark in local politics. He wrote numerous pamphlets on the poor laws, and became the first authority of the day upon that subject.

By his personal activity he saved the ratepayers large sums of money, for which work he was entertained to a public banquet, and presented with a service of plate of the value of 500 guineas. He was several times asked to allow himself to be nominated for Parliamentary honours, but he always declined, the fact being that he was never happy unless in opposition. He was an enthusiastic musician, and up to the time of his death, eight or nine years ago, at the age of eighty-five, he regularly played the viola at the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. My mother too was a musician—pretty, and an excellent singer. It was she who first gave me that keen love for music which has never weakened since. My thoughts often wander to the time when she played the pianoforte, and my brother and I sat and sang by her side."

"How about yourself, Mr. Leslie?" I observed.

"Well, as for myself, I was born in London on June 18, 1822. On leaving school—the Palace School, Enfield—I entered my father's business, but," added Mr. Leslie smilingly, "I was a very bad book-keeper; I was always thinking of consecutive fifths. About this time I became a pupil of Mr. Charles Lucas, then Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. When I was nineteen I published my first work—a 'Te Deum.' Eight years later I published 'Let God arise' (Op. 5), a festival anthem set to the 68th Psalm for soloists, double choir, and orchestra. Mr. Lucas wrote of it:—'I shall be very disappointed if it does not produce a great effect and success, for I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best antiphonal work since the days of Handel.' That is high praise, isn't it," added Mr. Leslie, "from a tutor to a pupil? The work was first produced at the Norwich Festival. After its performance Professor Warmsley of Cambridge said to me, 'I have heard your work, and am delighted with it: there is not a weak point in it. If you choose to come to Cambridge, I will make you a Doctor of Music.' I didn't go, and now I am sorry I declined."

"I am curious to know how your famous London choir originated?"

"I will tell you," replied Mr. Leslie. "In 1855, after having been secretary for eight years, I became conductor of the Amateur Musical Society—a society composed entirely of instrumentalists. The visits to the metropolis of the Berlin Dom Choir, in 1850, and of the Cologne Male Choir, in 1853 and 1854, succeeded in stirring up musical feeling in London to a very considerable extent. One of those who was most impressed was Mr. Joseph Heming, jeweller, of Conduit Street, who, in the autumn of 1855, said to me, 'We have quite as good a school of music in England as they have in Germany, and better voices too. If I bring you a select number of voices, will you conduct us?' I agreed, and the result was that a short time afterwards I had thirty-five picked voices rehearsing under my baton in the Hanover Square Rooms."

"It is unnecessary," I observed, "to relate the story of the years of unbroken and unexampled success which attended the choir; it is a record which cannot but be known by every person whose memory can carry him back fifteen or twenty years. But I should like to know in what lay the secret of your success as a conductor?"

"Briefly, to the strictness of my discipline—I was strict almost to sternness—to my happy choice of telling music, and to my faculty for taking infinite pains."

"What were the qualifications you imposed upon members?"

"Quality of voice and volume of tone—that I absolutely insisted upon—rather than the capability of reading at sight, which application

and practice could cultivate. I was also particularly strict as to attendance at rehearsals and attention to the beat. These little items neglected, the member did not sing at the concert, that was all. Then all the voices had to cover a defined compass. All tenors were obliged to reach A natural; the first bass baritone F; and so on. All my double basses were able to reach double C, and I even had a number who could go as low as double B flat, and hold it at the end of an elaborate motet for double choir by Bach."

"At its best, how many did the choir number?"

"It reached, I think it was, 240—sopranos, 66; contraltos, 52; tenors, 52; and basses, 70. You will notice that I had more of bass than any other voice. I was always partial to having a good foundation, and in this I was especially fortunate, for I do not believe that any choir ever possessed a more admirable body of bass singers."

"You would appear to have been scarcely less than an absolute autocrat," I chaffingly observed.

"You are quite right," Mr. Leslie good-humouredly replied; "I was an autocrat pure and simple. I had no committee, and I managed everything myself. It is true that I was assisted: if I had not been, I should never have been able to carry on the choir. Each class of voices was under the supervision of two superintendents, who were to me what committees are to other conductors. They were always at my right hand, and there was nothing they would not do for me. Their unselfish services I shall never forget."

"And your judgment was never questioned, and you never had a failure?"

"No. The only approach to an error—and I do not think there is any need for me to hide the fact—was when the choir was still young. I have already observed that the choice of pieces for the choir rested with myself. My ideal all through was a high one, but once I departed from my invariable rule; and, to oblige a friend, performed a composition of which I didn't approve. In singing it the choir broke down, and to my extreme mortification I had to stop them. That was the only occasion such a circumstance took place during the hundreds of concerts we gave; and, as you may suppose, it was a severe but salutary lesson for me. Never again did I allow my judgment and discretion to be warped by any feelings of friendship or patronage to this, that, or the other person."

"It is not, perhaps, generally known," continued Mr. Leslie, "that Joseph Maas, whose premature death was such a blow to music, made his *debut* in England under my auspices. It happened in this way. When I had an orchestra, Howell, the double bass player, came to me one morning and asked me if I would hear a young fellow who had just come from Italy, where he had been studying three years. The next morning I gave the young tenor an audience, with the result that I found him to be an artiste of the first rank, and I told him that he should appear at my concerts the first opportunity. That opportunity came quite unexpectedly, for two days before the next concert, which was to take place the ensuing week, Mr. Sims Reeves informed me that his throat was so bad that he could not possibly fulfil his engagement. It was the work of but a few minutes to write to Maas telling him that I required him to take Mr. Sims Reeves' place, and to prepare the same songs, so that there should be no change in the programme. The result was one of the most satisfactory *debuts* that could be imagined, the first song, 'Annabel Lee,' a song of mine then sung for the first time, securing a most

enthusiastic double encore. To prove to you Mr. Reeves' kindness of heart, what do you think he did? Although he could not attend the concert, he sent Mrs. Reeves, whose report of the coming tenor's singing was so gratifying that Mr. Reeves at once wrote him a congratulatory letter, and offered to do all in his power to advance his interests in the career upon which he had embarked."

Upon reference to his books, Mr. Leslie ascertained that "Annabel Lee" was first sung on 22nd May 1863. That was consequently the date of Mr. Maas' English debut. Here I may also note that seventeen years later Mr. Maas wrote offering to sing gratuitously at Mr. Leslie's farewell concert on 12th July 1880. "I made my first bow to the English public at your concerts," he wrote, "and would like to appear at this (alas, with sincere regret I write it!) your last."

I then asked Mr. Leslie why he disbanded his choir.

"One reason," he replied, "was that some of the sopranos and tenors were becoming a little rosy, and after twenty-five years of faithful service I hadn't the heart to turn them out. As a matter of principle, therefore,—we had nothing to gain and everything to lose if we continued under such circumstances,—I decided to dissolve the choir. Besides, I was growing older rather than younger, and I desired that rest which proves so great a boon and a blessing to a man in his declining years."

But to a man of Mr. Leslie's active spirit and temperament there is no rest: his brain is ever on the alert, and his hand never ceases to find new work to do and new duties to perform. So it proved when upon the dissolution of his choir a decade ago, Mr. Leslie permanently took up his abode at the ancestral Welsh home of the lady who to him, almost life through, has been all that a loving helpmeet and counsellor can possibly be. There was new work to be done, and there were new fields to conquer.

"You originated, did you not," I asked, "the idea of village choir festivals—a musical educational movement which has been so much commended?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Leslie, "I think I may lay that flattering unction to my soul. I had no sooner settled down in Montgomeryshire than it occurred to me to establish a movement wielding an influence directly opposed to that possessed by the public-house, which is too often the resort of persons to whom, in country districts, no other attraction is available—a movement, in fact, which at one and the same time should be recreative and educational. And, living as I do in a district where, if not generally cultivated, music is universally appreciated, what more natural than that the scheme should take a musical turn? It was thus that I established an annual festival of village choirs at Oswestry in 1880. It was my opinion that my ambition was more likely to be realized by this than by any other method. Each village within a certain radius, capable of doing so, established a choir of its own, and the members met for practice weekly, or oftener if necessary. Then once a year at Oswestry all these little choirs combined to form a large choir, which performed under my direction. Various prizes were offered for competition amongst the federated choirs, and a spirit of healthy emulation was thus fostered with the best results. A writer in the *Times*, reviewing the festival of 1885, so well sets forth the aims and objects of these festivals that I cannot do better than ask you to reproduce his observations:—

"Of the social importance of the movement thus inaugurated, it is almost unnecessary to speak. English country life in villages and small towns

offers few opportunities for intellectual enjoyment, and the public-house too frequently takes the place. At the same time, the recent Education Acts have opened the minds of the rising generation for such enjoyment, and the want thus created nothing is more fit to supply than music, which is of its nature sociable, and, therefore, conducive to common effort and friendly rivalry. Neither are the artistic results derived from this elementary training of the young idea by any means despicable. The education offered to the young choristers is sound and thorough. The useless and mechanical singing 'by ear,' encouraged, or at least tolerated, at too many Board schools, is strictly prohibited; and every pupil is taught to read music either by the ordinary staff notation or according to the tonic sol-fa method, the efficiency of which as a means of popular training cannot be denied by its bitterest opponent. In the matter of singing at sight it would be safe to back many of the children of the village choirs against some tenors and operatic *prime donne* whose names are household words in musical Europe. From the ground thus judiciously prepared our future Pateys and Lloyds and Santleys must be expected to spring; at any rate the chances of a great talent and a beautiful voice remaining ingloriously mute for want of encouragement are essentially diminished. From the village choir the exceptionally gifted pupil should pass to the Royal College of Music—in one case this has already happened at Oswestry—and thence to the operatic stage or to St James' Hall there is but a comparatively easy step."

"While these festivals existed," went on Mr. Leslie, "at Oswestry and at Eaton, Cheshire, where I established a second on the invitation of the Duke of Westminster, they fulfilled my every expectation. Elementary musical education in the districts around advanced with rapid strides; the antagonism caused by the competition for the 'Banner of Honour'—the blue ribbon of the annual festival—was of the most earnest but friendly character; reading at sight from notes fast became the rule rather than the exception; and the whole musical outlook was most gratifying and encouraging. Then came a sudden collapse: insuperable financial difficulties arose, and the organization three or four years ago came to an end. It is evident, however, that the influence of the festivals is still experienced, and will continue. In that lies the reward for all those who, with myself, thus laboured to advance the cause of musical education."

"Now a word or two as to your compositions. You have been a somewhat prolific composer, have you not?"

"Well," was Mr. Leslie's reply, "I really could not tell you how many compositions I have produced. They include oratorios, cantatas, an opera, anthems, and a large number of songs, duets, trios, and part songs. What, do you ask, have been my most popular composition? 'That I can easily tell you upon reference to my 'copyright' book," replied Mr. Leslie. "You know that I possess the copyright of the whole of my works. In this connection I have not a bad story to tell. When in 1855 I wrote my trio, 'O Memory,'—

"Which will live as long as memory itself," I took occasion to interpose.

"I offered to give it to Mr. Chappell," continued Mr. Leslie, "but he refused the gift. The next year I therefore issued it upon my own responsibility, and, 37,000 copies having been sold, it has netted me the nice little sum of £1150. Judging by the figures, the other most popular of my compositions have been the part song 'Lullaby of Life,' of which 45,000 to 50,000 have been sold; the song 'Speed on my bark, which has brought me in £570; and the song 'Annabel Lee.' 'Little songs for me to sing, published by Cassell & Co. in May 1866, had an extraordinary sale. It was illustrated by Mr., now Sir John Millais, Bart."

"And what do you consider your best work Mr. Leslie?"

"That," was the reply, "is rather a ticklish question to answer. I should think that one of the best things I have ever done is the scene at the gates of Nain in the body of the oratorio 'Immanuel'; it leads up to the gloria at the end. Then I fancy 'O Memory,' 'Lullaby of Life,' and 'The Pilgrims' could follow in the order I have named."

"In the days of your composition, how many hours a day did you work?"

"As a rule, from eight to ten hours a day—that is, until I was recommended to work less. I was hard at work scoring my oratorio 'Immanuel' one day, when Sir James Clark, Her Majesty's physician, called upon me. 'How much of that work do you do a day?' asked Sir James. I replied that I generally worked eight, nine, or ten hours a day. Sir James thereupon said, 'Now take my advice; work a less number of hours, and you will do more work, and work of a better quality.' I never forgot this advice during the whole of my life, for I felt that it was sound. An addled brain, you know, cannot produce good or satisfactory work."

In the multiplicity of matter I had almost omitted to record the fact that, contemporaneously with the existence of his London choir, Mr. Leslie occupied the position of conductor of the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society. The first rehearsal under his baton dated so far back as October 1863. During the whole of the intervening period of twenty-seven years did Mr. Leslie undertake monthly the journey to Hereford—for seventeen years from London, and for ten years from his Welsh home. Fifty-three concerts were given at Hereford under his auspices, and it has been computed that something like fourteen hundred persons there passed under his training. Small wonder is it, therefore, that, upon Mr. Leslie's resignation of the conductorship at the beginning of this year, the inhabitants of the cider county combined to testify their lasting appreciation of services so long and so ungrudgingly rendered on their behalf. "But I do not want a testimonial," was Mr. Leslie's contention; "the choir gave me an illuminated address only six years ago, upon the attainment of my majority in connection with the society. I have but done my duty. My love of music has controlled my actions all through life."

And so will it be to the end. 'Twere practically as difficult for Andromeda to have freed herself from the shackles which bound her captive as for Mr. Leslie to rid himself of the all-pervading influence of the divine art. Given Mr. Leslie's opportunities, and a tithe of his abilities, either as conductor or composer, few are they who would not have yielded to the temptation for personal advertisement and aggrandizement. But Mr. Leslie is made of sterner stuff. He has been content to be known by his works, and by his works will he be honoured and sung long after he has passed to his reward.

Next month I shall give in the *Magazine* a list as complete as I can possibly render it of all Mr. Leslie's compositions. It would make the article too long to add it here.

[The portrait of Mr. Leslie we gave as a supplement last month was from an excellent photograph by Mr. J. Maclardy, of Oswestry.]



A Harp Recital.

BY MRS. WARRENNE BLAKE.

PART II.—1887.

ONCE heard somebody make mention of a certain Dutchman—Rip van Winkle, I think, his name was—who actually went to sleep for seven whole years, and at the end of that time awoke to find the world very different to what he left it. Perhaps no one knows better than I do what that poor man's sensations must have been. After my own long slumbers of many idle years, I still remember how queer it felt to hear human voices once more around me, and to find myself lifted from my wooden case, and standing erect once more.

"Please take care! Don't hurt it whatever you do," cried an eager voice that sounded strangely familiar somehow. "There now; it was as nearly over as possible, I declare! Poor old thing, do remember its age and infirmity, and be a little merciful. I would not have anything happen to it for the world."

It was too true that by this time I had become very old and shaky. The least little push would have been sufficient to send me over. My vanity, too, was wounded by the sad change in my personal appearance. What had become of my gilding, my ornaments, the dancing figures in lacquer-work that used of yore to disport themselves upon my sounding-board? And my strings, where were they all gone to? I felt cruelly ashamed at being suddenly turned loose upon the world in such a melancholy state of *dishabillé*, but there was no help for it.

Anyhow, there were plenty of fellow sufferers to keep me in countenance—worsted like myself in the struggle with Time. Looking round, I saw a broken spinning-wheel, a couple of tall kitchen clocks, which had stood there useless for many a day. Yonder was a daintily-carved cradle, banished perhaps by some bereaved mother, whose aching heart could not bear the sad sight of its emptiness; and on the floor stood many pictures, turned with their faces to the wall like children in disgrace. There was plenty of dust as well, and the moths and cobwebs had been having a fine time of it amongst some of the old tapestry and carpets.

Altogether it was a strange scene of desolation, to which two fresh young faces in its midst offered a curious contrast. They were those of a young man and a girl, a slender, restless creature of not more than nineteen at the outside. She was so like my lost mistress in voice, form, and features, I could almost have fancied the dead had come back to life. There were the same dark eyes, full of fun and mischief, and yet not without a pathetic touch of sadness; there was the sweet mouth that used to laugh so merrily, and say such quaint, saucy, piquant things. Of course it was all nonsense. I know well enough that the dead never do come back, no matter how tearfully and imploringly the poor broken-hearted living yearn for another glimpse of their invisible ones, who seem so very far off, and yet maybe are quite near them all the time. But vividly indeed did this new face bring back the past—my lovely, short-lived Dorothea and her sad little story.

It is tiresome sometimes not being able to speak. I should have liked, for instance, to ask what both their names were, and why they were so very oddly dressed. At first I thought some sort of masquerade must be going on. No wide-hooped petticoat did the young lady wear, no flowing sacque or muslin kerchief, nor was there the least sign of powder on either her head or his. By and by I learnt to appreciate the irreproachable cut and dainty neatness of her homespun gown—which came, as I heard her say, from one of the first of London tailors—and the bewitching way in which the chestnut locks fell upon her forehead in a mass of soft little curls and tendrils; but at first—certainly it was startling! As for her companion, his hair was cut so absurdly short that I felt sure he must either have come out of gaol quite lately, or else have had it shaved after a fever. And his clothes! How rough in texture they were, and what a long, hideous, unbroken seam from hip to instep!

How different to the picturesque velvets and glossy satins, the lace ruffles and embroidered waistcoats, the shining swords and diamond buckles of my dead and gone dandies of long, long ago!

"Now," said Miss Valerie Seton,—for this, it seems, was her name,—"you see I am always right, Captain Carmichael. I knew I was sure to find a harp of some sort up here, because of the one in my great-grandmother's picture."

(Her great-grandmother! Dear heart alive! Then that accounted for the likeness.)

"But it might have been sold or given away," suggested Captain Carmichael. "Things don't remain in the same family for ever."

"It might have been *parvené* perhaps, you think," frowning a little in feigned displeasure. "You are something like one of those old skeletons at the Roman banquet—you nearly always suggest something disagreeable. Why should it not be the same harp? It *shall* be, for I have set my heart upon it. Look at the boot-action, and the designs upon the sounding-board."

"What are you going to do with it now you have found it?" inquired the young fellow, looking at me in a pitying, half-contemptuous way that rather hurt my feelings. Pity does not taste pleasantly when one has always been used to admiration.

Valerie gave him a withering look.

"I really am quite sorry for you sometimes," she remarked; "it must be terrible indeed to be so utterly matter-of-fact. I don't suppose you would value anything a bit the more because it happened to have belonged to your great-grandmother. Honestly, now would you?"

"Poor old lady! why should I? She never did me a good turn that I am aware of!"

Valerie said no more on the subject; she only moved her dimpled chin up and down in an expressive manner, that said plainly enough, "I thought as much; you are an estimable person, with plenty of sound common sense no doubt, but not a vestige of imagination!"

"We need not discuss the matter any further," said she loftily; "we see it from such totally opposite points of view. Do you mind carrying the harp downstairs for me, or shall I send up one of the footmen?"

"If you will trust me," he answered, "I shall be proud to carry it, only"—taking out a smart white silk pocket handkerchief and preparing to use it as a duster—"you won't mind my getting rid of a few of these cobwebs first?"

"Oh, you feather-bed soldier!" laughed my new mistress mockingly; "I do believe you are afraid of spoiling your clothes. What would you do if you had to fight in a real battle?"

"Run away, most likely," said the young fellow good-humouredly enough; but he reddened a little, as if he did not altogether like being ridiculed.

"How pleased Milly will be, to be sure!" cried Miss Valerie, as Captain Carmichael at last lifted me carefully in his arms, and she ran on in advance of him with the joyful tidings.

I don't know which of us two felt the more nervous and uneasy, he or I, as we slowly descended the ancient corkscrew stairs together. I am not heavy, it is true, but I am cumbersome and awkward to carry,—*ungain*, as the N—shire people call it,—and a false step would have entailed terrible results. Every now and then I heard my companion make use of some odd, strong language. I could not regret his doing so, he seemed so much better afterwards. Probably the words had some cabalistic meaning that I was not clever enough to understand.

It was queer to see how much he stood in awe of my new mistress. If she wished it ever so much, what harm could she possibly do him, poor little thing? But I have often noticed that as a rule the most valiant souls inhabit the frailest bodies. Small people are generally brisk, energetic, decided; while big ones are indolent and easy-going. Probably there is some physical reason for this. In a mental contest of almost any sort I would always back a short man against a tall one, and when the opponents are of opposite sexes, I should say the chances are certainly enormously in favour of the (so-called) weaker vessel.

Captain Carmichael was tall and very well made. In spite of his ugly clothes, he was evidently something of a dandy, he was so neat and trim. He was

handsome, too; manly and distinguished-looking. His honest face inspired confidence everywhere; it was much sunburnt, except in one corner of his forehead, where it was protected by a thing he called his forage-cap. I have heard Miss Valerie allow somewhat grudgingly that he looked very well "in uniform," whatever that might mean. He was in a regiment of Lancers, then quartered in a cathedral town a few miles from Granlley, and would often ride over to the Castle on some pretext or other, as I subsequently found. It was not very hard, even for me, to guess at the real attraction!

Our perilous descent was over at last, and, to my surprise and delight, I found myself once more in the Ladies' Parlour. Yes, there were the windows looking out upon the Pleasaunce; there was the green smooth turf swelling upward, and the belt of tall trees,—naked now, for we were in mid-winter,—and the gravel path, and the sun-dial—oh, what sad and tender memories awoke in my mind as I beheld it all! Everything out of doors looked just the same. Surely that was one of the identical old thrushes that sang so joyfully in days gone by?

I felt dazed and stupified; even the bright sunshine was almost too much for me, after being so long in the darkness; but when at last I was able to take in my surroundings, I saw that the position of much of the old furniture had been changed, and that the room had received many additions since I remembered it. It was less stiff and more luxurious; there were cosy basket chairs scattered about in all directions, two or three Japanese screens near the fireplace, and several tall palms here and there, besides many bright hothouse flowers, and fragrant bouquets of Parma violets. I saw more than one satin-lined work-basket, and plenty of books and newspapers, instead of the embroidery frame, the *Spectator*, and Miss Burney's novels. A cottage piano had taken the place of my old friend the harpsichord; indeed, the whole character of the room was changed.

At one end of it Valerie stood, pouring out her eager tale to a sympathetic auditor.

"We hunted, and hunted, and could see nothing in the least like a harp. I began to be quite in despair. Then, at last, we spied out an odd-looking case, under some broken chairs and a lot of rubbish. Captain Carmichael managed to get it open after some difficulty; and lo and behold! out came the dear old thing, after being shut up, just like the Sleeping Beauty, for close upon a hundred years!"

"Oh, Val, I am glad!"

The speaker's voice was so pleasant, and so full of hearty congratulation, that I was quite sorry I could not see her more distinctly. The couch on which she lay was heaped with soft pillows and downy coverings; it had many handles and contrivances for raising, twisting, and turning a helpless invalid, and altogether rendering pain as bearable as was possible to modern ingenuity.

"I am longing to compare it with the picture," she went on gaily—Valerie's elder sister, Mildred. "As the mountain can't go to Mahomet, he must come to the mountain!" and at her request I was brought close to her side, while Valerie knelt down between us, expatiating on my peculiar attractions.

"You see, Milly dear, this is a single-action harp; not double-action, like the one I learnt on at Florence with Signor Tornelli. You will understand the difference if I just explain it;" and she went on to do so very intelligently. "One cannot do so much with it, of course, but they did not make double-action harps until the present century. That, again, shows how old it is. You don't think"—very anxiously, and with quite a serious face—"that there can be any reasonable doubt as to its being the identical harp in the picture?"

"I am sure there is not," Miss Seton answered, smiling reassuringly; "you may set your mind quite at rest on that point, dear Val, if it makes you any happier."

Ill and worn as she looked, I thought I had hardly ever seen a sweeter or more charming face. She had been afflicted from her childhood with chronic hip disease; but, in spite of all she suffered, she was never cross, hardly ever depressed even. Her patience was almost angelic, everybody said, and the Ladies' Parlour—her own special sitting-room—was by far the brightest spot in the house.

"I have no strings!" cried Valerie suddenly, making a piteous face. "And no harp key either! But I suppose both are to be had at Norminster, and luckily it is only about three miles off. Captain Carmichael!"

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, coming to her side at once. He had been looking out of the window, and perhaps counting the rain-drops, which fell thick and fast.

"I was only wondering," said Valerie, with a rather hesitating look at her sister, "whether you liked riding in wet weather. Some people do; it is supposed to be very good for the complexion."

"Mine is past praying for, thanks to the autumn manoeuvres! And I think," clearing his throat ostentatiously, "I have got rather a cold. Don't you think either John or William might just as well go instead?"

"Oh dear, yes!" answered Miss Valerie; "I am very sorry I ever mentioned the subject. It does not matter in the very least. Suppose we talk about something else!"

But her temper, which was a quick one, was ruffled; she was piqued, if not seriously annoyed, at this unusual want of readiness to do her bidding. This state of things did not last long. Her sister looked at her in a grave, inquiring way, and the offender himself, knowing her tolerably well by this time, said directly,—

"I am awfully sorry, Miss Seton; of course I was only chaffing." (What in the world did this new word mean?) "I will go like a shot if you want the strings; I only wondered whether you were really in earnest, because it is such a beastly morning!"

Certainly the young people of the present day did use the most extraordinary expressions. To me they were quite like another language.

Miss Valerie descended from her high horse on the instant, and began rapidly to give him her instructions. When he was gone, she returned to her sister's side, and looked up in her face with an expression not unlike that of a naughty child that expects a scolding.

"You think I have been wilful and tiresome, Milly," said she, after a pause, "and you are too kind to say so."

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse!*" said Miss Seton, and she laughed a little. "At any rate, poor boy, he is a very willing victim. I can't help being a little sorry sometimes, Val, when you snub him so persistently."

"Do I snub him?" asked Valerie, naively opening her eyes. "I do not mean to, really. I suppose I have got into a sort of habit without knowing it, as one does sometimes."

"You are an odd little girl," continued her sister, speaking lightly, but with eyes that had a keen and rather wistful look in them. "Tell me the truth now. I don't believe you have ever had a secret from me. Would you not be sorry if Captain Carmichael were to go off on foreign service—to India or somewhere—and you were never to see him again?"

"My dear Milly," exclaimed Valerie, "how can you ask me such a question? Of course I should. As a friend, mind—only as a friend. I believe"—modestly—"he is one of the very few people I know who entertain a really high opinion of me."

"And that particular quality in one's friends," added Milly archly, "is enough to compensate for the want of every virtue! Don't you think, Val, that I have put that very neatly?"

"You always do say those shrewd sort of things," said Valerie, not looking altogether pleased. "I think, do you know, Milly dear, you are just a little bit of what people call a cynic. You are always laughing at human nature in your sleeve, as old-fashioned books say—(I wonder what sort of sleeves they were, by the way?), although you do it so amiably and good-humouredly. I know nothing of my friend's virtues, truly, but at any rate I am sure he has no vices, which, after all, comes to the same thing. He does not drink, or bet, or gamble. I have hardly ever seen him out of temper, even for a minute, and you must own that you never yet heard him say an unkind word of anybody. What more could any one expect?"

Off her guard just for the moment, Valerie grew quite flushed and excited with the warmth of her defence. "Dear Val," said Milly gently, "I am sorry you

think I am a cynic, but indeed you are mistaken if you thought I meant to say a word against anybody. I was only speaking generally, and more in fun than anything else. I do like Captain Carmichael very much; I am sure he is a good man, and a thorough gentleman, and when he marries, as I suppose he will some day, I think his wife will be a very lucky woman!"

It was probably only an absurd fancy on my part, but I thought I heard a faint little sigh as she finished speaking. But it was not from Valerie, whose thoughts had now turned in a different direction.

"Do you know, Milly," said she, "that sad history of our great-grandmother's quite haunts me, more especially now that I have found her harp. Old Mrs. Bayfield, the housekeeper, was telling me a lot about her yesterday,—you know she has been here so many years, one can't help fancying somehow that she has lived here always, and remembers all these poor dead and gone people."

"And her mother was housekeeper to my grandfather, Sir Ronald," observed Mildred, "so that has helped to keep up the tradition."

"She says," continued Valerie, staring intently at the blooming face of my dear lost mistress—still in its old place over the mantelpiece—"that she—Lady Seton—was married, widowed, and buried all in less than two years, and that before she was twenty! Do you think I am like her, Milly? I almost think I am when I look in the glass."

"Yes," said Miss Seton, who was busy with some delicate fancy-work, "indeed I do. Papa, too, has often noticed the likeness."

"I am glad of it," went on my present mistress, demurely, with a sidelong peep at a mirror on the table, "for Mrs. Bayfield went on to say that she was—ahem!—one of the most beautiful women of her time! Her husband 'court' her, as they call it, for some time before she would accept him, but at last they married, and they were so happy! When he broke his back out hunting, and died at the end of a year, what made her sadder than anything (so they say) was the idea that she had wasted a whole year of happiness. I wonder, now, whether that part of the tale was true? Anyhow, she did not regret it long, for she died herself, poor dear, a very short time afterwards, when our poor little grandpapa was only six days old."

"True or not, it is a very touching little story," said Milly, "and not without a moral either. I hope you will lay it to heart, dear Val!"

In due time Captain Carmichael returned from his errand, and then I went through a painful experience. The new strings—octaves of them—were adjusted one by one, and the harp key caught each corresponding peg in a relentless iron grip. People in old times, I have heard, were tortured on the rack in much the same way, in order that they might be made to give up some important State secret. I know exactly what their feelings must have been. Every now and then I almost thought I should go to pieces altogether, so severely did my aged frame feel the tension.

Valerie had plenty of patience, though you might not think so to look at her; her ear, too, was most correct, and her passionate love for music there was no disputing. I could not help admiring her resolution, and, much as I suffered, I was quite sorry to be such a nuisance. One string broke after another, and it was at least a week before I was really in working order.

"There! it is done at last," said Valerie, joyfully triumphant. "And now, Milly, what do you say to giving a grand musical party—with tableaux, perhaps—to show off our new discovery?"

Mildred smiled. In a quiet way she enjoyed seeing her neighbours, as I discovered later on, but she was hardly strong enough to play the hostess on great occasions without much effort and fatigue.

"You must ask papa," said she; and just as she said it, Sir Richard's tall figure, in gaiters and knickerbockers, came through the doorway, followed by the inevitable Captain Carmichael, just returned from a day's shooting.

Sir Richard was old rather than middle-aged. He had, I believe, married late in life, and certainly looked elderly to be the father of two young daughters of nineteen and twenty. Having no son to succeed

him had been a bitter disappointment. Idleness is the parent of mischief, so say the copy-books, and I have noticed that it often tends to make people quarrelsome, as well as to engender other vices. Sir Richard had much superfluous energy, both bodily and mental, and, except in the winter, when sports engrossed him to a considerable extent, he had no particular occupation to keep him out of mischief. The consequence was, he was generally engaged in a lawsuit with one or other of his neighbours, which did not add to his popularity. When it did not amount to a lawsuit, it was a paper war entailing a lengthy and vexatious correspondence on some trifling but disputed point. But in the bosom of his family, no man living could be more inoffensive, more cheery, and in every respect delightful.

In person he was handsome and dignified and it was easy to see that both the girls adored him, but as for Valerie, the unceremonious way in which she treated him at first filled me with horrified surprise. What would her ancestress Lady Seton—I mean Sir George's mother—have said to it? It was enough to make her turn in her grave, poor soul!

And there they all were, drinking tea and devouring muffins—in the Ladies' Parlour too—at an hour when dinner would be served of old, with all proper state and ceremony! What they called dinner would follow some hours later—at eight o'clock probably. Dinner, forsooth! If only they had called it supper instead, which was its rightful, reasonable name; no one could possibly have objected. But as it was, both as regards meals and manners, it seemed to me that the poor old world was turned pretty well upside down.

Everybody knows that a hungry man—as a rule—is far less open to argument than one whose appetite has been newly satisfied, and so Valerie craftily waited till most of the muffins had disappeared before she said, in a gay, off-hand way,—

"I have a piece of news for you, dad. Milly and I are going to have a party."

"Music, of course?" replied Sir Richard, but he raised no objection.

"N—not entirely. I am afraid, do you know, dad, that most people are humbugs. They don't care for music half so much as they pretend to. You take a great deal of trouble to get up a piece, perhaps, and all they do is to talk as loud as ever they can all the time you are playing. Then there comes a pause,—very effective sometimes, I assure you,—that one in the 'Erlkönig' for instance,—Milly knows where I mean,—and you stop short for a second or two, not more. They think you have finished, and say, 'Oh thank you, how charming! What is that lovely thing?' Then you go on again, and make them feel so foolish! We must have a certain amount of music, I suppose, but I should like some tableaux as well. Maud Herbert and her young man could do Amy Robsart and Leicester; and Norah Vane would make a lovely Mary Queen of Scots; and I—what shall I be? but that is too weighty a matter to be decided in a hurry."

"Whatever you have," observed Sir Richard, "I advise you to look sharp, if you wish to include our young friend here amongst the company, for his regiment, he tells me, is under orders for India, and of course he will have to get leave to go home and see his people."

A blank and ominous silence. I thought I saw Mildred's sweet, placid face change a little, but it was probably only the effect of the flickering firelight, for the lamps had not yet been brought in. Bertie Carmichael looked across at Valerie with an earnest, almost imploring gaze; but she was busily engaged in making Milord, the black French poodle, understand that it was absolutely necessary he should go through certain indispensable gymnastics before he could hope to receive the coveted dividend of muffin.

"I must go and get off some of these heavy things," said Sir Richard, rising somewhat stiffly and goutily, and moving towards the door. "You'll stay to dinner of course?"—with a nod in Carmichael's direction. "Have your party when you like, Val, only don't forget to let me know the day and hour, in case I should accept another invitation; and, whatever you do, don't invite that confounded fellow Medhurst. I never desire to see him inside my doors again after the impertinent letter I had from

him this morning about the Jubilee question. I don't mind having his wife and daughters, if they like to come without him.

"Valerie darling!" this was in Milly's soft voice, "do you mind ringing for Benson? I am so tired for no reason at all, that if I don't have a good rest before dinner, I shall be even stupider than usual all the evening!"

She could walk up-stairs pretty well, I believe, with some help from the strong-armed maid who had been with her several years. As Bertie held the door open, she thanked him with her bright, pleasant smile, but her face was very pale and weary. Then he came back to Valerie's side, and those two were alone in the firelight.

I mean alone to all intents and purposes. I was still there, of course, and so was the dog, who annoyed me a good deal by the rude tiresome way in which he kept sniffing and fidgeting round my pedestal. Old people, as a rule, object strongly to liberties, and, for that reason, I am not particularly fond of the brute creation. In one respect I prefer cats to dogs. Though quite as inquisitive as regards any unknown piece of furniture, they are less boisterous, and certainly conduct their investigations in a more refined and decorous manner.

Valerie seemed determined to keep to safe little commonplaces. "What sort of a day have you had?" she inquired, "Better than last week, or not so good?"

"Pretty good—at least middling," answered he, evidently thinking on something quite different to what he was talking about. "The dogs were rather what as usual, but your father's birds always know their work!"

Valerie stared, and then laughed heartily. "I hope you made a good bag," said she. "I should think old Jock, the brown retriever, would pretty nearly fill it!"

"Eh?" said Carmichael, opening his honest blue eyes in his turn, and looking bewildered. "I am awfully sorry, Miss Seton. I am afraid, do you know, that for once I was wool-gathering."

"So I should imagine," Valerie replied demurely. (The French poodle's behaviour was becoming positively insufferable. Why did not some opportune footman or housemaid come and eject him from the room?)

The dressing-bell rang. To Carmichael it was evidently the signal that the time had arrived when he must brace himself up for a grand and final effort.

"Valerie!" he cried, taking her two hands in his with a sudden burst of passion and tenderness. "You have heard the news. I am going to India. Don't say I must leave you behind, dear, dear Valerie! if you do, I believe it will break my heart!"

He looked so boyish, so handsome, so very much in earnest, every one of my strings seemed to quiver with sympathy, just as they did years and years ago at the sound of the same old story. I listened in breathless suspense for her answer. Did it come from the soft pictured lips over the mantelpiece, or from this child of a later generation? "I don't know what to do. I can't make up my mind! Oh, why is India such a long way off? I don't want to say either Yes or No!"

After more than a fortnight of diligent practising and rehearsing, of patient rummaging in old oaken chests, followed by exclamations of delight over the discovery of priceless treasures in the shape of ancient lace and choice brocades, the important evening of Valerie's entertainment had arrived at last. Mildred unfortunately was not so well as usual, and so it happened that, as she was unable to appear, Valerie would have to play the part of hostess.

Her sister was lying on the sofa in the Ladies' Parlour, and I stood in my usual corner, dreaming over old times, as I often did nowadays, when Valerie's little French maid Antoinette came into the room with a message from her mistress.

"Mademoiselle Valerie sends me to ask," she explained, "if Mademoiselle would be so good as to search for the pearl necklace which is absolutely necessary to complete her toilette for the last tableau. Being half-dressed, she cannot come herself, though she regrets infinitely being obliged to derange

Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Valerie had some idea that she saw it last in one of the drawers of that old bureau in the corner."

"Very well," said Mildred kindly; "I will look for it directly. Do not wait for it, Antoinette; I will send it the moment I have found it."

She rose wearily, languidly, evidently out of spirits for some unknown reason. Opening one little drawer after another, she found the trinket—poor Dorothea's pearl necklace, diamond clasp and all. Just as she was preparing to lock the bureau again, she discovered in one of its recesses a little unsuspected hiding-place.

She drew forth a tiny ivory box, which I recognised immediately. Out of it came a half hoop of pearls—how well I remembered it! It was wrapped in the yellow and crumpled scrap of paper which my poor broken-hearted mistress had soaked with her tears.

"This is very strange!" murmured Miss Seton to herself. "Shall I call Valerie and show it to her? Why not? She has almost decided—my poor little sister! Perhaps even a feather-weight may be sufficient to turn the scale!"

I wondered what made her look irresolute for a moment or two. But it did not last long, and then a most divine expression lighted up her worn face.

"Let them be happy, poor dears!" said she softly. "It only requires an effort to conquer one's horrid selfishness!"

"How do I look?" said a gay voice at the door, and Valerie rustled in to fetch her pearl necklace.

It might have been her great grandmother, just stepped forth from the canvas. She wore the identical brocaded petticoat, the self-same apricot-coloured bodice and train; while over her bosom was folded a cobweb *fichu* of filmy lace. Powdered and piled on the top of her head was her chestnut hair, and on each fair cheek rested a wee black patch, faithfully copied from the picture. Oh, how sweet she did look, to be sure! verily a sight to make an old harp young."

"I am waiting to be complimented," she said quaintly, after a moment's pause. "Well, Milly dear? Have you not something neat and appropriate to say?"

"You know all that is in my heart," answered Milly, looking at her with moist eyes full of tender pride, "and that is far better than any compliments. Here is your necklace," clasping it on; "and here is an old ring that I found at the same time, and a—a message from one who seems to have trifled with a true heart, Valerie, and regretted it too late! It has been waiting for you in the old bureau, dear, very nearly a hundred years."

"Hearts are not broken nowadays," Valerie said flippantly. "People are too prosaic and matter of fact. All the same, thank you, dear Milly. I will read it in a proper spirit. Now I have not a moment to lose, for here comes William to fetch the harp."

I had been wondering all this time what part I was destined to take in the evening's festivities. At the last moment Valerie had declared herself too nervous to play a solo upon me; her duties as hostess, she said, would involve too much wear and tear of constitution. I was much impressed by the size and magnificence of the rooms through which I was carried on my way to the picture gallery, or rather to the far end of it, on which was a raised platform, screened off by a curtain. A row of footlights was dimly visible through its thickness, and below sat an excellent amateur orchestra, consisting of two violins and a harpsichord, or, as I now found it was called, a grand pianoforte. In addition to these there was a thing like a large oak chest, but quite plain and uncarved; it went, I found, by the name of a "harmonium," and when played by unskilful hands, produced a strange medley of confused and certainly *not* harmonious sounds. On the whole, it seems to my poor comprehension that the music of a century ago was far simpler and more refined than what you hear nowadays. There was less training after effect, not so much hurry and excitement. Crashing chords and showy *prestissimo* passages have taken the place of the old peaceful and easy-going tunes that still tinkle faintly and sweetly in our memories. After all, it is the same with everything else. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* Even music itself must keep pace with the times.

But the melodies on this occasion were happily chosen. The curtain rose slowly, and there sat my

mistress and I side by side, after the fashion of the picture. What was the old English song the violins were playing so softly?—between it and myself lay a mist of years—

*"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."*

This last tableau was the success of the evening, so I heard everybody say. Loud and continuous was the applause, and the curtain rose repeatedly before it died away.

"Dorothea, Lady Seton, 1789," said a lady in the front row, reading from her programme in an undertone which reached me, though I hardly think Valerie could hear it. "Who was she? Some ancestress probably; I believe her picture is somewhere in the house."

"It is in the Ladies' Parlour," affirmed a neighbouring dowager, evidently better informed. "Valerie is supposed to be exactly like her. How pretty she is, and how well that dress suits her! Have you heard of her engagement?"

"It is not given out yet, but I am told it is practically settled," said gossip number 1, whose name was Mrs. Cholmondeley. "You know he is one of the good Carmichaels"—impressively;—"in fact, I believe his father is the next heir, as Lord Saltwood has never married. So lucky his being a Catholic too! Otherwise Sir Richard would have been sure to object to it."

"He never is happy unless he has a grievance!" remarked her companion, with an almost invisible shrug.

In my time it was not considered good taste to criticise one's host so severely, but evidently things are changed.

When the curtain had fallen for the last time between my mistress and the rows of smiling, admiring faces, she took advantage of a moment's solitude to draw from her bosom the tiny piece of paper which Mildred had given her, holding it so that I was able to read it too. Very cramped and old-fashioned was the writing, but perfectly legible nevertheless.

"Tempus Fugit."

*"Le bonheur s'approche sur ses ailes dorées,
Criant—'Voici l'amour, enfant, qui te sourit.'
O belle année perdue—pauvre époux adoré!
Je vous pleure tous deux—jusqu'au bout de la vie!"*

D. S. (née de St. Valéry), 1789.

Valerie held the paper for some time, and shook her head with a little smile that was half tender and half incredulous.

"It was very clever of my great-grandmother to do it," she said thoughtfully; "but I can't imagine an English girl sitting down to write verses when she was so unhappy. I could not, I know, if— However, I suppose it was the fashion of the day. Poor dear old Milly!" she added, resting her head caressingly against me. "I wonder whether she really thought I wanted those four lines of poetry to help me to make up my mind!"

Of course I had seen Carmichael amongst the audience; he looked rapturous and miserable by turns, poor boy; but, having heard nothing decisive, I could only guess at the state of affairs between him and my mistress. Seizing his opportunity, he came up to her while she was still alone upon the platform, perhaps thinking this might be his last chance of a *little à tête*.

"They are just going in to supper," he said in the tone of one who has nerved himself for a painful effort; "if I slip away now, nobody will notice it. Please make some excuse to your father and sister, and thank them for all their kindness to me. And now—God bless you *always*, Valerie, and good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" echoed she in much astonishment. "What do you mean? I thought you asked me to let you take me in to supper!"

"So I did," answered he; "you don't suppose I had forgotten? But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Percival or any of our fellows will be only too glad to take my place, and I—I can't stand it any longer. I don't bear any malice,

but I have had enough of it. If you had cared for me as I do for you, would you have taken a whole fortnight to make up your mind?"

"I think you are very unkind to me," said Valerie, raising her pretty liquid eyes to his with a sorrowful surprise in them. "Of course, if it bores you to take me in to supper, don't do it on any account. I daresay some one else will be more charitable. Only!"

"Only what?" asked the victim, coming closer, as one drawn by some irresistible attraction.

"I had been looking forward to it all the evening!"—with a meek sigh of resignation. "Must you go? There were so many things I wanted to talk to you about, and during the last few days I have hardly seen you. I had put off everything till to-night, and now you are going! I really do think it is too unkind of you."

Carmichael seemed hardly to recognise his tormentress in this soft, beseeching creature now before him, and I am sure that the idea that this was a clever piece of acting, got up for his benefit, never occurred to his simple mind. But I knew better; I have not lived a hundred years in the world for nothing.

"Well," said Carmichael, after a brief silence, "you know how the matter stands, I daresay, as well as I do. Take me or leave me, here I am at your disposal. And now tell me, what did you want to ask me about?"

"Why, about my pony for one thing," said Valerie, to gain time and for no other reason. "Dixon is almost sure she has a splint coming on her fore-leg, and I wanted you to look at it—but now, of course, you won't! There was one other thing I wanted to consult you about, but it does not matter now—oh, not at all! It was only!"

Encouraged by something in her tone or manner, Captain Carmichael actually knelt on one knee quite like an orthodox, old-fashioned lover, but only, I think, because she had bent her face so low that this was the only way in which he could catch a sight of it.

"What was it, Valerie?" he asked, almost as if it were a question of life or death.

The whispered answer came sweeping over my strings, as the lashes swept her cheek,—

"About my outfit for India—that was all!"

Captain Carmichael did not remain long on his knees after that. On the contrary, he jumped up as if he had been shot, and he caught my mistress in his arms, murmuring something that sounded very like "Darling!" in an exuberantly happy and incoherent voice. It seemed as if from that moment he made up his mind to be master over the whimsical being who had caused him so much heart-burning, and, as if to ratify her consent, he seized her little hand and bore her off straightway in laughing triumph to tell Miss Seton the joyful news. As for me, I am only a piece of furniture, and I ought to be used to being put on one side when not wanted, but yet I looked after them a little drearly. I felt depressed and lonely. You see, I belong more to the past than the present.

"O ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years"—

you are silent for ever, and yet how distinctly I hear you; laughing, disputing sometimes, and then again pleading with one another in such winning, persuasive tones. Oh, Dorothea, my dead mistress, beloved and unforgotten, how vividly kind memory brings back your soft and girlish face!

I do not care much for the strange faces or new-fangled ways; old times and old friends are good enough for me. I have no heart to live on through the future; the wooing and wedding which may be only the prelude to fresh woe and bitter desolation. I would rather my days ended now, when life is calm and pleasant and peaceful. I have done my work, and had my day, and my poor aged frame has not strength to utter any more music. When one comes to be a hundred years old, the best thing in all the world is—rest.

From Miss Seton, Grantley Castle, to Mrs. Herbert Carmichael, Hotel Windsor, Paris.

February 20, 1889.

MY DEAREST VALERIE,—It is sad indeed that I

should have a piece of bad news to write in my very first letter to you. We have had a fire! and may be thankful that the damage is no worse than it is, for to have been left without a roof over our heads would have been sadder still. It broke out—nobody knows how—in the Ladies' Parlour yesterday morning, and before it was put out, your dear old harp was, alas! burnt to a cinder, and so was also my great-grandmother's picture over the mantelpiece. Does it not seem strange that two things that were so associated together should have shared the same fate, and probably at the same moment? To my mind there is something quite pathetic about it—but I am very vexed for you.

My father congratulates himself with the idea that Queen Mary's picture is still intact, and perhaps the idea of a tussle with the Fire Insurance Office is not altogether devoid of consolations for him. He is very well, and so am I,—but your absence has left a terrible blank, which would be bigger and quite unbearable if your dear face were not always in our mind's eye, helping to fill it. Memory is indeed better than any photograph or phonograph, for it brings back voice and features both together.

We both thought Mr. Carmichael would not consent to Bertie's going to India, so the news of his exchange did not surprise us, delighted as we were. You must give him my love, and tell him to bring you back to us soon. Oh, how nice it is to think of your being so happy! the recollection of it charms away all my headaches and heartaches.—Ever your loving

MILLY.

THE END.

Of course it is.

MR. SIMS REEVES was to have joined the board of directors of the Berners Hotel Limited, but the adverse comments of the press have offended the great tenor, and he has discreetly retired. It would have been no little surprise to the public to read of Mr. Reeves in another rôle than that of the favourite of the concert platform. There is no telling what might have happened if Mr. Reeves had not retired. Fancy "My Pretty Jane" volunteered at a board meeting, or the shareholders disappointed at not receiving a dividend calling for the "Death of Nelson!" The whole thing is too uncommercial.

How to make

£100 a Night.

THE other evening (writes a London gos-ip) I was bidden to two parties, at each of which it was mentioned on the card that the stars of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden would shine. De Reszké was to be at both, and the hour was to be identical—namely, half-past 10. Since one of the parties was in Chesterfield Gardens and the other in Berkeley Square, there seemed some difficulty about the feat, the more since De Reszké was singing at Covent Garden. But it turned out all right. The great tenor fulfilled all his engagements, and I heard him sing at both places. In one of the intervals he told me how it was done, and even how the practice might be extended. His brougham waits for him at the stage door of Covent Garden, and as soon as his part is sung he gets in and drives off to the first private house at which he has an engagement. He sings his song, jumps into his carriage, is off to the next place, sings there, gets back in time to finish his succeeding share in the programme at the other house, and is probably back again within 20 minutes at house number two. It is hard work, but when it adds something like £100 to a man's daily earnings the temptation is not to be too sternly resisted.

Cardinal Newman as a Musician.

CARDINAL NEWMAN was an accomplished performer on the viola, but of late years he had lost the power of using his fingers for writing or playing to any extent, and some time ago he gave his instrument to Father Richard Bellasis as an especial mark of his esteem. *Apropos* of this accomplishment, a good story is told of the late Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham, who had absolutely no ear for music, and was continually enforcing on his clergy the use of plain chants. During one of his visitations he came to a certain church where the choir gave a capital rendering of the "Twelfth Mass." After the service the organist was presented to him, and he ventured to hope that the bishop had enjoyed the music. "Not at all," was the startling reply. "Very poor stuff!" "But," urged the poor organist, "Dr. Newman was here last Sunday, and said he was delighted." "Oh, I daresay," said the bishop; "he fiddles!"

Music was ever a solace to the late Cardinal. Most educated men know the passage in the Oxford "University Sermons" in which "the mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions we know not whence," produced in us by the great masters of musical sound, are described in words of majestic eloquence which it would be hard to parallel. As might have been expected, the man who could write thus of music was himself no mean musician. A story is told—we know not with what truth—that on one occasion a Protestant Boanerges visiting Birmingham sent a pompous invitation to the great convert to dispute publicly with him in the town hall, to which Dr. Newman replied that he had small skill in controversy, and must decline to enter the lists with so redoubtable a champion; but that his friends credited him with some power of playing the violin, and that he would be happy to meet his challenger at a trial of strength on that instrument.

Morality in Music.

UNDER the head of "Morality in Music," Mr. Arthur Smith contributes to the August number of the *Universal Review* an interesting article, which is chiefly valuable for its remarks on the different significations of four famous funeral marches by Handel, Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner; and which by these examples shows that when great composers are dealing with a great subject their thoughts and feelings on this subject are made apparent through their music. The article seems to have been suggested by Count Tolstoi's somewhat ambiguous appreciation of the opening presto of the Kreutzer Sonata, which he finds heroic and inspiring, calling upon the hearer to amend his ways and live for nobler things, and which he therefore declares to be out of place at an evening party among frivolous women wearing those audacious low-necked dresses. Most readers, with Mr. Arthur Smith among them, understand Tolstoi to say that the movement in question should not be played among light-minded, lightly-dressed women by reason of a certain voluptuousness which in no way belongs to it. Count Tolstoi does, however, declare some other piece of music to be "passionate to the point of indecency." But he does not name the piece, and it is difficult to conceive the existence of such music. Mr. Arthur Smith seems to give up his case when he at last concludes that the most striking examples of immorality in music are those in which great composers have illustrated by their music frivolous or immoral subjects. This, according to him, Berlioz and Mozart (whose music considered by itself is surely of the purest) have both done. The question raised by Tolstoi is whether music can in itself be immoral, as in the instrumental pieces described by him as "passionate to the point of indecency;" and to this the general reply will be that, apart from immoral associations, it cannot.

Welsh Memo. and Musings.

BY "AP THOMAS."

—:O:—
IN PRAISE OF WELSH SONG.

TWOULD almost seem as if it were gilding the proverbial pill to praise Welsh singing. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting in this column a couple of recent eulogies, each of which has an English source. Writing of the students of Swansea College, whom he recently examined, Sir John Stainer says:—

"I never heard better voices than those I heard in this college. Amongst both seniors and juniors there were many so sonorous and rich that the effect produced in a good selection of part songs was quite charming."

Equally unstinted praise is awarded the beauty of Cymric voices by Mrs. Lynn Lynton, the well-known novelist, in a charming Bank Holiday sketch of Llan-wrtyd Wells she contributed to the *St. James' Gazette*. Here is what she says:—

"The excursionists have a tendency to cluster together about the Spa. Suddenly some one raises a hymn, when all present join in. A small kind of Eisteddfod is got up on the spot, and singer after singer comes forward, pitted one against the other, like those well-known amaranth shepherds of Theocritus and Virgil. The singing is extremely good and at times really lovely; for almost all the Welsh have voices, as well as the most intense love for and appreciation of music, so that those who cannot even read or write can read and interpret musical notation. Many girls, from whom one would expect at the best but a little mindless strumming, are accomplished and brilliant pianists, far more accomplished and far more brilliant than nine-tenths of those London young ladies who oblige their hostess with a little music for her 'At Homes.'"

MR. JACOB DAVIES AS THE BOLD ENTREPRENEUR.

Mr. Jacob Davies, of Cardiff, will speedily possess the reputation of being one of the most energetic and enterprising concert organisers in the kingdom. He does not hesitate to incur any expense in the engagement of artistes of the foremost rank, and, as a consequence, the concerts he is continually promoting constitute the chief attractions of the Cardiff musical season. Mr. Davies' latest enterprise is to book for a concert at the Park Hall, Cardiff, on 1st October, the following exceptionally strong party: Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Ella Russell, Mr. J. G. Robertson, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Farley Sinkins, M. Tivadar Nachez, Madame Pachmann, M. De Munk, the greatest French 'celloist, and Mr. Sydney Naylor, accompanist.

SIMS REEVES' FINAL VISIT TO SOUTH WALES.

Mr. Davies has taken another bold step. He has engaged Mr. Sims Reeves to give a series of five grand concerts in the principal towns of South Wales ere the veteran tenor takes final farewell of the concert platform. The dates fixed are—Swansea, 11th October; Merthyr, 13th October; Pontypridd, 17th October; Cardiff, 20th October; and Newport, 22nd October. The party who have been engaged to accompany the "everlasting farewellist," include Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Amy Martin, and Mr. Douglas Powell, vocalists; Madame Janotha, solo pianist; and Mrs. Clara Novello Davies and Mr. Fagg as accompanists. To my mind, the success of the tour cannot be doubted. Mr. Reeves has paid so few visits to South Wales that there is bound to be a great rush to hear him.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

By the time these lines are perused by readers of the *Magazine*, the Bangor National Eisteddfod of 1890 will be practically over. I may, however, give here a list of the excellent artistes the committee have engaged for the Eisteddfodic evening concerts: Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Annie Griffith, Miss Susannah Pierce, Miss Julia Lewis, Miss Annie Hope, Miss Hughes ("Telynora Menal"), Signor Foll, "Eos Morlais," Mr. Philip Newbury, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr.

Gordon Williams (Bethesda), Mr. William Davies (Oxford), Mr. Robert Grice (St. Paul's Cathedral), and Mr. John Thomas, the well-known Queen's harpist. The choral competitions are arousing considerable interest in North Wales, and there is no doubt that the contest for the musical blue ribbon of the Eisteddfod will be keen. With the memories of many national Eisteddfodic struggles still lingering in my mind, I cannot, however, go as far as one writer who anticipates that "the contest will be keener than ever."

THE SWANSEA PROGRAMME.

The executive of the National Eisteddfod of 1891 are evidently in earnest. They have already issued a list of the more important items in their programme, and already engaged their adjudicators. Four choral competitions are arranged, each including two prizes. The test pieces in the chief contest—"open to the world"—for a first prize of £200 and a second of £50, are a descriptive chorus by Mr. David Jenkins, a chorus by Mendelssohn, and the double chorus, "The people shall hear and be afraid," from "Israel in Egypt." The second competition is confined to Welsh choirs, the prizes being £50 and £20. The test pieces embrace compositions by Mendelssohn and Mr. D. Emllyn Evans. The chief test piece in the male voice competition—which, as a rule, proves the most interesting contest of the Eisteddfod—is De Rille's "Destruction of Gaza." The prizes are £30 and £10. The fourth choral competition is confined to choirs belonging to one congregation—an innovation, the success of which, to my mind, is somewhat doubtful. A prize of £50 is offered the best orchestra, the test being one of Haydn's symphonies; and a prize of eight guineas for the best string quartette. There is an idea prevalent in certain circles that the orchestral competition should be confined to Welsh instrumentalists. The gentlemen whom the committee have selected to adjudicate—a task which, even were I qualified, I would rather they carry out than I—are:—Mr. Joseph Barnby, Mr. Augustus Manns, Dr. Joseph Parry, Mr. David Jenkins, and Mr. J. H. Roberts ("Pencerdd Gwynedd")—two Englishmen and three Welshmen.

RHYL CLAIMS THE EISTEDDFOD FOR 1892.

The inhabitants of Rhyl are bestirring themselves with the object of inducing the National Eisteddfod Association to hold the Eisteddfod of 1892 in that delightful northern watering-place. Acting upon the principle that seems to have guided them hitherto—that the Eisteddfod shall alternately visit North and South Wales—I have hopes that the bards will grant the prayer, especially considering the fact that so far no other town claims the honour.

WHY NOT A LADIES' CHOIR CONTEST?

It is an admirable suggestion that a newspaper correspondent has made—that the National Eisteddfod promoters might with advantage include in their programmes a competition for ladies' choirs. I heartily concur in the proposal, which, were it only carried into effect, would be found to be a success. My mind, indeed, pictures a period when a contest between choirs composed entirely of the fair sex—and with a lady conductor, shall I add?—would prove the most attractive and interesting feature of the Eisteddfodau. We have indisputable evidence that Welsh ladies can sing in choirs without the aid of males in the existence of the Welsh Ladies' Choir, which Mrs. Clara Novello Davies has brought to such a state of perfection. I cordially commend the idea to National or other enterprising eisteddfodic committees. Radical though they may be politically, committees are intensely Conservative in the management of their Eisteddfodau. There is abroad, however, a rage for novelty, and it may be that we shall ere long possess a programme which contains a ladies' choir contest as well as other innovations.

A SUCCESSFUL JULY CONCERT.

It unmistakably testifies to the hold the Welsh Ladies' Choir possesses upon Cardiff concert-goers that they were upon the occasion of the repetition of their most successful London concert at the Park Hall on 30th July able to practically fill the house. The heat was something to be remembered. Notwithstanding, the concert was so all-round attractive

that few were they who did not manfully and womanly stay to the end. The choir sang with their accustomed fervour, precision, and style, but, probably because their singing was not what it was to Londoners—a novelty and a revelation—there was practically no enthusiasm. To the members of the choir this fact came as a rude awakening. Said one lady to me after the concert, "Wasn't the audience dreadfully cold as compared with Londoners? I could cry with vexation when I think of it." Yet Cardiffians possess the reputation of being most enthusiastic in matters musical. M. Johannes Wolf and Dr. E. H. Turpin, each of whom was accorded an ovation, think that there are no people like them. "London is the place for me," observed Dr. Turpin when I met him at the St. James's Hall concert a couple of months ago; "but if I ever wanted to remove, there's no place I would prefer before Cardiff, where the people are so musical and so go-ahead."

MADAME PATTI AT NEATH.

The diva's charity concert at Neath on 7th August was a distinct success, the sum of £800 or thereabouts being netted for division between the deserving institutions on behalf of which Madame Patti and her generous friends gave the concert. There was an immense audience, and the enthusiasm manifested was unbounded. Madame Patti was assisted by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Harvey, an American reciter, Miss Eissler, and Mr. Durward Lely. Miss Eissler appeared to be much disconcerted when one of the strings of her violin snapped whilst she was accompanying Madame Patti and Madame Antoinette Sterling in a duet, but the diva immediately turned round and warmly embraced her.

A NATIONAL DEFICIENCY.

The Bishop of Bangor, when plain Rev. Lewis Lloyd, Head Master of Brecon College, evinced a warm interest in the Brecon Philharmonic Society. Result—upon his translation to the North Welsh see—the inevitable presentation. In acknowledging the gift, his lordship thought fit to dwell upon the instrumental defect of the Welsh nation—a defect all were readily prepared to acknowledge. It puzzled him, though, to understand why the Cymry were not able to excel in the manipulation of instruments even as they excelled as vocalists. The defect to which the bishop alludes has been long recognised; but whence the remedy? At present there are not more than three or four orchestras worthy the name in the whole of Wales. Surely, with the innate love of music—instrumental as well as vocal—possessed by all Welshmen, such a state of things ought not to be.

Patents.

—:O:—

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 11,205. Improvements in or applicable to violins, violoncellos, and other stringed instruments. Ed. Johnson, 191 Fleet Street, London. July 18th.
- 11,357. Improvements in or appertaining to apparatus for controlling organs or similar musical instruments. Robert Hope Jones, 6 Lord Street, Liverpool. July 21st.
- 11,411. Improvements in pneumatic wind-chests and mechanism for organs, harmoniums, and the like. Em. S. Petr, 62 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. July 22nd.
- 11,436. Improvements in piano actions. Augustus de Foe Dimick, 77 Chancery Lane, London. July 22nd.
- 11,454. Improvements in musical boxes. Emile Jaccard Margot, 226 High Holborn, London. July 22nd.
- 11,521. Improvements in pipe organs. John Pitt Bayly, 18 Fulham Place, London. (John Piper Martyn, Canada.) July 23rd.

- 11,552. Improvements in grand piano actions. Joseph Herrburger, South St., Finsbury, London. July 23rd.
- 11,576. An improvement in the manufacture or make of musical instruments, more especially those musical instruments known as "Mandolines." Geo. Paradise Matthew, 16 Hockley Street, Birmingham. July 24th.
- 11,667. Improvements in repeating actions for pianos. Walter Ibach, 33 Chancery Lane. July 25th.
- 11,836. Improvements in tubular pneumatic action for organs. Joshua Wordsworth, 8 Quality Court, London. July 29th.
- 11,987. A new or improved candleholder for pianoforte or the like uses. Adalbert Heckl, 34 Southampton Buildings, London. July 31st.
- 12,436. Improvements in organs and similar musical instruments. Johann Peter Nystrom, 4 South St., Finsbury, London. Aug. 8th.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

8976. Case & Evans, musical instruments, 1890, 8
- 15,358. Ehrlich, mechanical musical instruments, 1889, 8
- 14,983. Barnard, stringed musical instruments, 1889, 8
6808. Davidson & Sigmund, pianos, 1890, 6
7679. Grun, turning music sheets, 1890, 6

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, August 1890.

DEAREST ALICE,—We are just on the eve of starting for Switzerland, so you must forgive me if my letter is rather short to-day. The holiday spirit seems already to have seized me, and I cannot settle down to any of my regular work. We shall be thankful to turn our backs on Liverpool for a little while; the town reminds me too forcibly of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." All our friends have already taken flight for the summer, and it is a melancholy sight to behold the number of houses exhibiting sheets of the *Times* and *Daily Post* in their generally prettily curtained windows. We have abandoned our plan of visiting Weimar this year, as Stavenhagen—the magnet which would have drawn us thither—does not intend returning to that town before September—too late for us to be wandering abroad. The great pianist gives us a most potent reason for this prolonged absence from his favourite residence. He is no longer a gay bachelor, for he has lately entered "the ranks of the large army of Benedicts." His marriage with Fraulein Agnes Denis (Denninghoff) took place in Weimar at the end of July. Consequently he is now enjoying all the seductive delights of a happy honeymoon—a time when the winged hours of bliss are proverbially all too short. So, although we should have dearly liked to see him amidst the surroundings which hold a thousand memories of his beloved master, we cannot but rejoice at the cause of his absence, and unite our voices with those of his other Liverpool friends in wishing him health, happiness, and prosperity with his gifted bride.

I have just received a very interesting pamphlet from the pen of our well-known townsman, Mr. John Bond. It is entitled "The Sister Arts, showing the analogy between Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture." The brochure contains one or two paragraphs which seem to be especially worthy of notice. For instance, in comparing music with

painting, Mr. Bond tritely remarks that "the key is in music what colour is in painting;" and he goes on to say that "if we desire to be impartial and conscientious judges, we ought always, particularly in the case of songs which for the convenience of singers are so often transposed, to inquire what was the original key in which the composer wrote his work." Every one would agree on viewing a gorgeous sunset portrayed on canvas, that if such a subject were reproduced in sombre tints, the effect the artist intended to create would be entirely lost. No one would dream of copying one of Turner's rich, vivid masterpieces in dull, hueless tones, sending forth such a copy as a sample of the great painter's works, just because his (the copyist's) colour box lacked the more brilliant pigments. Such an act would by common consent be branded as sacrilege, vandalism, etc. Yet it is the most commonplace occurrence in the world to hear a vocalist asking an accompanist to transpose one of Mendelssohn's, or some other equally great composer's lovely songs, half a tone higher or a tone lower, because, forsooth, the original key is unsuited to his or her vocal capacity. And the deed is done without a murmur of remonstrance from the audience, who indeed applaud the singer and readily accept the mutilated song as the same which issued from the brain of the great composer. Yet a change of tone is just as detrimental to a song as it is to a picture; and I fear the true reason why the injury to the one is condoned and to the other condemned, is a deplorable want of knowledge on the part of those who by education ought to know better. We accept the work of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet, as it comes from his brain, and never think of altering portions of it to suit our own individual requirements, knowing that to do so would be to mar the beauty of the whole. But thanks to the general ignorance, the poor musician alone is doomed to suffer. In changing the key of a song to suit our limited vocal capacity, or transposing a pianoforte solo to better accommodate our stiff fingers, we do not appreciate the mischief we are doing, because to our uneducated ears the piece sounds equally well in the one key as in the other. Perhaps some day in the dim and distant future we shall learn otherwise, and deal the same justice to the musician that we now readily bestow upon his brothers in art. There is one other popular delusion which Mr. Bond attacks in his clever little booklet, and here again I am in full sympathy with him. He says, "Many people think that anybody can teach a child, and that any sort of a piano is good enough for a child to practise on. No mistake can be more fatal to the progress of musical art." One has only to speak with Leschetitzky, Stavenhagen, Madame Schumann, or any of the great teachers, to learn the truth of this statement. Pupils come to them for *finishing* lessons—hateful term, there is no finishing in art—and more frequently than not, before teaching them anything new, these celebrated masters have to undertake the much more formidable task of unteaching them what has already been learnt. And why? simply because the parents have thought that so long as their children "finished up" with a tip-top master, it did not matter in the least with whom they began. Consequently faults and bad habits have been religiously persevered in from childhood, which it is exceedingly difficult, nay almost impossible, to eradicate in after years. And now, dear, a word about Liverpool news.

Needless to say nothing of importance has happened here since last I wrote; it is only of coming events that I would speak. Mr. Argent, well known in local musical circles for his services to art, has announced that he intends giving a series of "Young People's Orchestral Concerts" during the coming winter. They will be modelled on the lines adopted with such success by Mr. Henschel at his Young People's Concerts in London last season. The series will consist of six concerts, to take place in the small Concert Room at St. George's Hall on alternate Saturday afternoons, commencing on October 11. The orchestra will be formed of about forty performers. The programmes are to be arranged in such order as to illustrate the development and history of orchestral music, and these features will be augmented by short descriptive remarks to be made by Mr. Argent previous to the performance of all the

more important items. Each concert will include a symphony, a concerto, and two overtures, in addition to a selection of smaller pieces. The attractiveness of these entertainments will be further enhanced by a goodly supply of instrumental soloists and well-known vocalists. Among the former Mr. Harold Bauer is announced to appear. This promising young violinist has never yet played before a Liverpool audience, although he has won great success in the Metropolis and elsewhere; so Mr. Argent is fortunate in having secured the services of an artist about whom there is the additional charm of novelty.

And now, dear, considering that when I began to write I thought I had nothing to say, I think I have been quite long enough saying it, so farewell. I cannot send you our Swiss address as I do not know it myself, but all letters addressed here will be forwarded to me.—With best love, your affectionate sister,
NETTA.

"Beat it if You Can."

IN the August issue, our correspondent "Ap Thomas" cited Mr. David Hughes as the most successful musical pupil of recent years at the Academy. As a vocal student he has indeed gained the first rank; but there are others who may claim a greater degree of success as musical students, as will be seen from the following letter from Mr. Walter Macfarren—

11 WESTBOURNE VILLAS,
WEST BRIGHTON.

To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music."

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in your interesting magazine of August which cites Mr. David Hughes' record as a student of the Royal Academy of Music as being "the most successful of recent years;" and, without desiring in the least to detract from the distinction of that gentleman's career, I venture to beg a little space to point out that that admirable record has been passed in several instances by pupils of my own at the Academy. For instance—

Charles Stewart Macpherson was Sterndale Bennett Scholar in 1880, received the Hine Gift in 1881, was Balfie Scholar in 1882, and again in 1883; had Lucas medal for composition in 1884, and was Potter Exhibitioner in 1885; in addition to which he received bronze medal for sight-singing, and bronze and silver medals and certificates of merit for pianoforte, and likewise for harmony; also sub-professor.

Dora Bright, Potter Exhibitioner, 1884; Lady Goldsmid Scholar, 1886; Sterndale Bennett Prize, 1887; Lucas medal for composition, 1888; bronze medals for sight-singing and for harmony, bronze and silver medals and certificate of merit for pianoforte; also sub-professor.

Ethel Boyce, Lady Goldsmid Scholar, 1885; Sterndale Bennett Prize, 1886; Potter Exhibitioner, 1886; Lucas medal, 1889; bronze medal for sight-singing, bronze and silver medals and certificates of merit for both pianoforte and harmony; also sub-professor.

William T. Kipps, Henry Smart Scholar, 1884; Santley Prize, 1887; Potter Exhibitioner, 1887; Heathcote Song Prize, 1888; bronze medal for sight-singing, bronze and silver medals for harmony, bronze and silver medals and certificates of merit for pianoforte, and likewise for organ; also sub-professor.

Trusting that you will in fairness, in your next number, give the same publicity to this letter as you have given to the paragraph, headed "Beat it if you can," I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER MACFARREN.

THE death is announced at St. Petersburg of Otap Veressai, an octogenarian violin-maker. He was a native of Little Russia, and he was said to be the last survivor of the popular bards of the Ukraine.

Foreign Notes.

IN the grand Festival, held at Brussels from the 20th July to the 4th August, in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the national independence of Belgium, music had an important place. M. Gustave Huberti was engaged to furnish music for the great historical procession of the 20th July, and was most successful in carrying out a good idea. Along with M. Gevaert he harmonized characteristic airs and songs of the sixteenth century, which were sung by a male choir, with orchestral accompaniment.

AMONG the cantatas and hymns performed were: "Union et Liberté" (words by Antoine Clesse, music by Alfred Tilman), conducted by the composer, who had at his command nine choral societies and four military bands; "Hymne Patriotique," by Philippe Flon; "Vlandereen," MM. Ryswick and Hol; "Het lied der Flamingen," MM. Hiel and Benoit; "Ons Vaderland," MM. Sevens and J. Block.

WHAT attracted, perhaps, most attention was the performance of Huberti's lyric and symphonic poem in Flemish—"Kinderlust en leed" ("Joys and Sorrows of Childhood"), words by Emmanuel Hiel, which formed the first part of a performance given at the Theatre de la Monnaie by a thousand children, the second part consisting of choruses by Grétry, Delibes, Lacombe, etc.

MASSART, the celebrated professor of violin at the Paris Conservatoire, is about to retire. He will be succeeded by M. Garcin, who has conducted one of the preparatory classes for several years.

PIETRO MASCAGNI, the young Italian composer, continues to attract a great deal of attention. The *Teatro Illustrato* gives some particulars of his early life. His father is a baker in Leghorn, and he is said to have overcome enormous difficulties before he was allowed to dedicate himself to the service of music. He studied at Leghorn under Pratesi and Soffredini, and afterwards became a pupil of Saladino, at the Conservatorium of Milan. He remained there two years, thanks to the help of Count de Larderel, but did not go through the complete course of study. For some time he travelled about as orchestral conductor to one operatic company after another, till about three years ago, when he became conductor of the Cerignola Philharmonic Society. It is said that he wrote the score of "Cavalleria Rusticana" without the aid of a piano, for the very good reason that he did not possess one! Now, since his phenomenal success, publishers vie with one another for the privilege of producing his works. Three thousand copies of "Cavalleria Rusticana" have been sold. An Album of six melodies has appeared in Milan, the *Teatro Illustrato* publishes a new romance, and Sorogno has commissioned Mascagni to write another opera. "There is a tide in the affairs" of young musicians occasionally. May the future work of this young artist go on improving with his circumstances!

TALKING of Mascagni, a French paper comments on the choice which he has made for his new opera, "I Rantzau," from the well-known drama by MM. Erkman and Chatrian. It seems that another Italian composer—Ettore Martini—has come forward, saying that he has been working upon "I Rantzau" for months, whereupon the French critic asks ironically, "Is it not pleasant to see the two Italian composers disputing over a French work, about which neither the one nor the other seems to have even thought of consulting the real authors? This is a mystery of Italian law. When will people of all countries learn to understand that it is quite as criminal to steal other people's work as it is to steal their watches?"

SCHÜRMANN has engaged M. Charles Lamoureux and his fine orchestra for a tour in Holland and Belgium in October next. A special train will convey

the 120 members of the orchestra, with their instruments, direct to Amsterdam. Everything, down to the desks, will be taken from Paris. The expenses are calculated at more than 10,000 francs for each performance. The first concerts are to be given—on the 16th October, in Rotterdam, in the Opera House; on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, in Amsterdam, in the Concert Hall; on the 20th and 21st, at La Hague.

THE Society for the mutual aid of Italian dramatic artists has lost about half of its capital of 80,000 francs, by the failure of the establishment in which 44,000 francs had been invested.

"LILI, LOLA, LALA" is the curious title of a new comic opera, to be given in Vienna this autumn.

THE first of a series of annual representations of the "Meistersinger" is to be given next year at Nuremberg.

A VOLUME of poems has just been published, written by the late Peter Cornelius, composer of the "Barber of Bagdad" and other operas. Cornelius, who died in 1874, was a nephew of the famous painter of the same name, and an ardent disciple and defender of Wagner, whose theories he advocated vigorously in *L'Echo*, *La Nouvelle Gazette Musicale*, etc.

JOSEPH MAYER, who represents the Saviour in the Ober Ammergau Passion Play, has received, as a gift from the Pope, a valuable rosary, accompanied by a letter signed by His Holiness, who highly compliments the peasant player.

A GIGANTIC Entertainment Hall has lately been inaugurated at New York. It is to be called Madison Square Garden, and is "dedicated to the worship of Terpsichore." On the opening evening two ballets were given: "The Choice of a National Flower" and "Peace and War," music by Cressonnois. Edouard Strauss and his orchestra contributed not a little to the success of the evening.

THE music of "Peace and War," by the way, is rather slightly described as vulgar and noisy, except one number, which was very successful. This number was called "Pizzicali de Sylvia, after Delibes."

It is said that the family of Alfred de Musset have at last consented to allow Gounod to write music to "On ne Cadine pas avec l'amour," the veteran composer having for some time had a great desire to do so.

GOUNOD's new book, *Le Don Juan de Mozart*, is a loving and appreciative study of Mozart's master-work. It is well known that the French master venerates Mozart, and here he analyses and describes his ideal work in charming style. Pongin, in *Le Ménestrel*, describes Gounod's literary style as equal in grace and purity to that of his music. He praises the language, sober and clear, firm and elegant. In fact, he places him so high in this respect as to pronounce him worthy of a place among the Immortals in the Académie Française.

SAINT-SAËNS has given to the town of Dieppe a very fine collection of interesting articles of furniture of the time of Louis XV.—clocks, jewels, pictures, water colours and sketches by great artists, his library, and a number of exceedingly valuable autographs. Letters of Voltaire and Liszt, the MSS. of the March in "Faust," and of a March by Mozart, are among the latter. The value of the whole is estimated at 100,000 francs. At the official presentation of this interesting collection, Saint-Saëns promised to perpetuate his name by further gifts.

LÉON SCHLESINGER's short comic opera, "Un Modèle" (libretto by Degrave and Lerouge), which has been so well received at Namur and Blankenberg, is to be played at the Bouffes-Parisiens in November.

M. VICTOR ULLMANN has been chosen, out of a hundred competitors, as director of the Khedival Theatre at Cairo.

A CONTRACT of marriage has been signed at Milan between Signorina Gina Ricordi, daughter of the well-known music publisher, and Signor Lingi Origoni, who belongs to a distinguished Milan family. Verdi came specially to congratulate the young lady and her family, and returned immediately afterwards to his villa St. Agata at Busseto.

SUICIDE OF MDLLE. OLGA BETUZKI.—This young singer, who had been successfully engaged in Mantua and other Italian towns, and who is reported to have been a very beautiful girl, has committed suicide, along with her mother. They were in a state of extreme poverty.

ALFONSO GUERCIA, author of *L'art del Canto italiano*, and Professor of Singing at the Conservatorium of Naples, is dead. He published more than twenty collections of songs for one or more voices, besides the Manual above mentioned, which is still in use at the Conservatorium. He was born on the 13th November 1831.

SOME days ago, says *Le Ménestrel* of 20th July, there was found near Brussels the corpse of a man who had shot himself through the head. Nothing was found on him which could tell who he was; but, upon the recommendation of some persons who said they recognised the body, the authorities telegraphed to M. Oppenheim of Paris, who hastened to Brussels, and at once said that he knew the body to be that of his brother, Albert Oppenheim, formerly director of the Alhambra Theatre. Hardly had the body been buried when another person arrived, fearing to find that the suicide was his brother, an Englishman, who had come to the Grand Hotel some days before, and had mysteriously disappeared. The corpse was exhumed, and the Englishman at once claimed it as that of his brother. The paper does not say how the matter was settled.

AMERICAN papers speak very favourably of a new comic opera performed lately in Chicago, and called "Robin Hood." The composer is M. de Keven, the librettist M. H. B. Smith. The themes are said to be lively and original.

THE Reverend Virgil Maxey has created a sensation at Saint Antoine in Texas, by announcing that, after the 1st of September, he will preach every Sunday, and appear as an actor at the theatre every week evening, his desire being to draw together in this way the pulpit and the stage.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TALE.—Adolphe Kerz, or, as he called himself, nobody knows why, Aphdole Kerz, was giving concerts in Nebraska. His prima donna, on whom he had built great hopes, was a failure. In fact, she was hissed. What was he to do? He advertised for the next evening a new star, a negress with a wonderful voice. She was said to be the Patti of her race, and was a tremendous success. But he did not tell his audience that the new star was manufactured out of the old one, by means of a good-natured and judicious employment of tobacco-juice, etc. The singer and the concert-giver enjoyed the joke, and the dollars flowed in steadily.

GAVARRE is said to have left not less than four millions (of francs?). This is a very large sum, even in francs, to have been earned in fifteen years.

THE receipts of the Passion Play at Oberammergau are already 80,000 marks above the expenses. Each representation produces about 22,000 marks.

XAVER SCHARWENHA has gone to New York, and will not return to Germany till the beginning of September.

Apogee of the Weber monument; here is a little tale of Weber's youthful days, when he was studying in Munich under Valesi and Kalcher. His great friend was Ferdinand von Lütgendorff, who attended the art classes in the same town; and the two boys were much attached to each other—so much so that, when Carl's father made known his intention of removing to Freiberg, in Saxony, the two young friends made up their minds that they could not live apart. So one moonlight night they met in the "English Garden," and by the side of an artificial waterfall took a solemn farewell of the world and a tender one of each other, and jumped into the water together. Alas for their heroic resolutions! They were rescued without much difficulty by some one who had observed their mysterious behaviour, and the only consequences for them were, imprisonment to the house for some time, and a very bad cold for each. The friendship lasted many years. In 1814 Lütgendorff painted a portrait of Weber, which unfortunately has been lost.

THE *Grand Prix de Rome* has been awarded thus—Carrand first prize, Bachelet second first prize. A German writer tries to explain this, and begins thus:—"Second-first grand prize for musical composition! The uninitiated individual who reads this contradictory set of words puts his hand to his head involuntarily. But this expression is a very natural consequence of the thoroughly French idea of classifying and putting an official stamp upon artistic talent. At first there was only one grand prize for the youthful composers brought out by the Conservatoire. The prizeholder was to spend three years in Rome, so the prize was called *Prix de Rome*. Then they offered a second prize, which did not entitle the holder to a journey to Rome. Thus the first grand prize and the second grand prize. Soon came a third grand prize, which made necessary a new distinction between a first-second grand prize and a second-second grand prize. The real *Prix de Rome* remained theoretically a single prize. But sometimes it would happen one year that no one was worthy of the *Prix de Rome*, and thus by the next year there were two prizes to be given, as was the case last year."

THERESE MALTEN is to appear in September and October at the Berlin Opera House in a number of her greatest parts.

We learn that Herr Kapellmeister Müller, who is to retire from the direction of the Museums concerts in Frankfurt, will still continue to conduct the *Cäcilienverein*.

EUGEN D'ALBERT has gone to Meran for his holidays. In October it is said he means to give up his house in Eisenach, and settle altogether at Meran. He is at work on a sonata for piano and cello, and has laid aside his opera for the present. Next winter he is to appear as conductor as well as pianist. The Philharmonic Concerts in Dresden are to be under his direction.

At the Eisenach Festival, a great many new works were brought forward, among the most successful being:—Quartets by R. Kahn and R. von Pargery; a quintet by Ph. Wolfrum, Das Glück von Edenhall; ballad for chorus and orchestra, by Humperdinck (conducted by the composer); overture to Penthesilea, by Felix Draeseck; two movements of a serenade for strings, by Tchaikowsky; a symphony by d'Albert; burlesque by Richard Strauss, for piano and orchestra, played by d'Albert, and conducted by the composer; and "Tod und Verklärung," a symphonic poem, also by Strauss. After the Festival all the artistes were entertained at a banquet given by the Grand Duke in the historic castle of the Wartburg.

THE *Neue Musikzeitung* tells the following stories:—The day after a concert in Leipzig, Paganini was taking a walk with his accompanist in the environs of the town. Near the Rosenthal they came upon a good old fellow who was scraping away on a fiddle in most lamentable style. Paganini very good-naturedly asked the old man to let him have the fiddle for a few minutes. As soon as he got it into his hands, he

tuned it very carefully, and then began to play the most astonishing passages, arpeggios, trills, etc. The accompanist was in great delight. "Well," said he to the old man who had listened without speaking or moving a muscle, "what do you think of that playing?" The old fellow replied benevolently, "See here, my good sir, you'll have to practise a little more, then it will go much better!"

A "GREAT German singers' festival" is about to be held in Vienna, and, to accommodate not only the singers but the orchestra and the audiences, a hall of proportionate size has had to be erected. It is quite American in its bigness—360 feet long, 129 wide, and 75 high. It will hold 20,000 people, of whom 8000 will, on the approaching occasion, be vocalists. The musical prospect is not pleasant. Already, it would seem, it has been discovered that the extent of the building is inimical to the best musical effects. "The vast hall," we read, "of course swallows part of the sound, and sends it back just at the moment when a pianissimo, to be of effect, would require absolute silence."

The King of Dahomey announces in the *West Afrikanische Post*, a German colonial paper, that he is in want of musicians to form a royal orchestra, to play during his banquets, and at the Amazons' fêtes. A contemporary advises all instrumentalists out of work to go off at once, assuring them that they will be greatly enjoyed (*goutés*) there. This is assuredly a chance for some of our "musicians."

A SERIOUS accident happened a week or two ago to Madame Christine Nilsson. While entering a railway carriage, at the Gare de l'Est, to go to Lucerne, she slipped and fell, and her leg was jammed between the footboard and the platform.

FOR the forthcoming representations of "Jeanne d'Arc" at Palmer's Theatre in New York, early in September, M. Gounod has sent the original manuscript of his musical score, with 100 vocal and 125 orchestral parts, all written in his own hand. The music was originally cast in oratorio form, for performance in the cathedral of Rheims by a chorus of 600 voices and an orchestra of 175 pieces.

Accidentals.

MR. J. SPENCER CURWEN says that "in Great Britain music thrives best in towns. The impoverishment of the agricultural districts has taken away much of the jollity of rural life, which in days gone by found expression in song. The British peasant rarely sings, but bewails his fate on a decrepit concertina." Ireland, which is an agricultural country, suffers in the same way. The folk song is almost extinct; even the pipers are growing scarce. The best hope for Ireland's musical future lies in the cultivation of music in the common schools.

A WOMAN OF MANY PARTS.—Madame Trebelli, who retired from the operatic stage some few years ago, has under pressure of circumstances been called upon to sing some extraordinary parts. For example, at Riga in 1861, as the tenor was taken ill, she, in order that the performance might not be abandoned, undertook a portion of the music of *Almaviva*, in "Il Barbiere." Madame Trebelli had been cast for Rosina, but another artist was able to sing this part, and in order that Madame Trebelli should be heard in the lesson scene, Rosina turned round to Almaviva saying, "And you, Don Alonzo, will you not sing also? I should like to hear my new master," whereupon Don Alonzo sang an extra solo. Again, in 1872 at Newcastle, during one of the tours of Her Majesty's Opera, the only available tenor for the part of Tamino in the "Magic Flute" was taken ill, and Madame Trebelli volunteered to play the character instead.

ANOTHER young composer of great promise has arisen in Scotland in the person of Mr. L. Drysdale. His orchestral prelude illustrating the ballad of "Thomas the Rhymer," performed at the Royal Academy's concert in St. James's Hall, is described by one of the most severe critics on a leading professional journal as singularly rich and effective. It rose infinitely above the level of the usual student's exercise. Like Mr. Hamish MacCunn, who has risen to eminence while barely out of his teens, Mr. Drysdale is full of the national spirit.

A YOUNG man was having a violin lesson, when the G string slipped, and lowered the sound by a whole tone. However, the pupil continued to play on very tranquilly, till the teacher could stand it no longer. "Don't you hear, then? Your G string is a tone down!"

"I know it quite well," said the young man calmly, "but it doesn't matter at all; I am playing only for my own amusement!"

HOPE FOR THE MILLENNIUM.—A member of the French Chamber of Deputies is about to introduce a Bill to compel the owner of every piano, harmonium, organ, or similar instrument, to pay a tax of 7s. 6d. per annum for each one in his possession. As a means of suppressing your next door neighbour of irritating musical proclivities, or the swarthy nuisances from sunny Italy, the piano and organ tax would be terribly effective. But why should special favour be extended to that arch-disturber, the concertina? Perhaps the concertina-player does not abound across the Channel. Is that why Frenchmen do not take their pleasures sadly?

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.—The Annual Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians will be held in Liverpool in January next. It is calculated that at least 300 representative musicians from all parts of the kingdom will be present.

THE Chester Musical Festival will be held as usual in July of next year, and Dr. Bridge has undertaken to write a dramatic cantata for one of the evening concerts.

THE lengthy obituary notice of Madame Rose Hersee which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* a fortnight ago, is happily very premature. Her many admirers will be glad to hear that the popular soprano and vocal teacher is alive and well, although she has to mourn the loss of her mother, who bears a similar Christian name.

RUBINSTEIN has been sojourning recently at Badenweiler, Germany, for his health. A correspondent who met him there writes as follows:—"He keeps himself shut up in his room, and never goes out from one day's end to another. When I saw him he was poring over a big pile of music MSS., which he said he had written since he had been here. I suggested that the American people would hail with delight his return, say in 1893. He quickly responded that he should never travel so far again. 'In fact,' said he, 'I hope I shall be dead before that date. What time I have to live I shall pass in St. Petersburg—not, however, as the director of the Conservatory, for I intend to resign that position next year. I cannot stand those fearful annoying examinations.' These 'fearful examinations' seem to haunt the great man like a terrible nightmare."

THE Rubinstein correspondent goes on:—"I heard a timid knock at the door, and, in answer to the master's 'Come in!' little Otto Hegner made his appearance. The little boy played and left. When he had gone I asked Rubinstein what he thought of the young pianist. He replied: 'Well, I heard the Hoffmann boy in Moscow when he was only eight

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MASSART, the celebrated professor of violin at the Paris Conservatoire, is about to retire. He will be succeeded by M. Garcin, who has conducted one of the preparatory classes for several years.

PIETRO MASCAGNI, the young Italian composer, continues to attract a great deal of attention. The *Teatro Illustrato* gives some particulars of his early life. His father is a baker in Leghorn, and he is said to have overcome enormous difficulties before he was allowed to dedicate himself to the service of music. He studied at Leghorn under Pratesi and Soffredini, and afterwards became a pupil of Saladino, at the Conservatorium of Milan. He remained there two years, thanks to the help of Count de Larderel, but did not go through the complete course of study. For some time he travelled about as orchestral conductor to one operatic company after another, till about three years ago, when he became conductor of the Cerignola Philharmonic Society. It is said that he wrote the score of "Cavalleria Rusticana" without the aid of a piano, for the very good reason that he did not possess one! Now, since his phenomenal success, publishers vie with one another for the privilege of producing his works. Three thousand copies of "Cavalleria Rusticana" have been sold. An Album of six melodies has appeared in Milan, the *Teatro Illustrato* publishes a new romance, and Sozogni has commissioned Mascagni to write another opera. "There is a tide in the affairs" of young musicians occasionally. May the future work of this young artist go on improving with his circumstances!

TALKING of Mascagni, a French paper comments on the choice which he has made for his new opera, "I Rantzau," from the well-known drama by MM. Erkmann and Chatrian. It seems that another Italian composer—Ettore Martini—has come forward, saying that he has been working upon "I Rantzau" for months, whereupon the French critic asks ironically, "Is it not pleasant to see the two Italian composers disputing over a French work, about which neither the one nor the other seems to have even thought of consulting the real authors? This is a mystery of Italian law. When will people of all countries learn to understand that it is quite as criminal to steal other people's work as it is to steal their watches?"

SCHÜRMANN has engaged M. Charles Lamoureux and his fine orchestra for a tour in Holland and Belgium in October next. A special train will convey

the 120 members of the orchestra, with their instruments, direct to Amsterdam. Everything, down to the desks, will be taken from Paris. The expenses are calculated at more than 10,000 francs for each performance. The first concerts are to be given—on the 16th October, in Rotterdam, in the Opera House; on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, in Amsterdam, in the Concert Hall; on the 20th and 21st, at La Hague.

THE Society for the mutual aid of Italian dramatic artists has lost about half of its capital of 80,000 francs, by the failure of the establishment in which 44,000 francs had been invested.

"LILI, LOLA, LALA" is the curious title of a new comic opera, to be given in Vienna this autumn.

THE first of a series of annual representations of the "Meistersinger" is to be given next year at Nuremberg.

A VOLUME of poems has just been published, written by the late Peter Cornelius, composer of the "Barber of Bagdad" and other operas. Cornelius, who died in 1874, was a nephew of the famous painter of the same name, and an ardent disciple and defender of Wagner, whose theories he advocated vigorously in *L'Echo*, *La Nouvelle Gazette Musicale*, etc.

JOSEPH MAYER, who represents the Saviour in the Ober Ammergau Passion Play, has received, as a gift from the Pope, a valuable rosary, accompanied by a letter signed by His Holiness, who highly compliments the peasant player.

A GIGANTIC Entertainment Hall has lately been inaugurated at New York. It is to be called Madison Square Garden, and is "dedicated to the worship of Terpsichore." On the opening evening two ballets were given: "The Choice of a National Flower" and "Peace and War," music by Cressonnois. Edouard Strauss and his orchestra contributed not a little to the success of the evening.

THE music of "Peace and War," by the way, is rather slightly described as vulgar and noisy, except one number, which was very successful. This number was called "Pizzicali de Sylvia, after Delibes."

It is said that the family of Alfred de Musset have at last consented to allow Gounod to write music to "On ne Cadine pas avec l'amour," the veteran composer having for some time had a great desire to do so.

GOUNOD's new book, *Le Don Juan de Mozart*, is a loving and appreciative study of Mozart's master-work. It is well known that the French master venerates Mozart, and here he analyses and describes his ideal work in charming style. Pongin, in *Le Ménestrel*, describes Gounod's literary style as equal in grace and purity to that of his music. He praises the language, sober and clear, firm and elegant. In fact, he places him so high in this respect as to pronounce him worthy of a place among the Immortals in the Académie Française.

SAINT-SAËNS has given to the town of Dieppe a very fine collection of interesting articles of furniture of the time of Louis XV.—clocks, jewels, pictures, water colours and sketches by great artists, his library, and a number of exceedingly valuable autographs. Letters of Voltaire and Liszt, the MSS. of the March in "Faust," and of a March by Mozart, are among the latter. The value of the whole is estimated at 100,000 francs. At the official presentation of this interesting collection, Saint-Saëns promised to perpetuate his name by further gifts.

LÉON SCHLESINGER's short comic opera, "Un Modèle" (libretto by Degraive and Lerouge), which has been so well received at Namur and Blankenberg, is to be played at the Bouffes-Parisiens in November.

M. VICTOR ULLMANN has been chosen, out of a hundred competitors, as director of the Khedival Theatre at Cairo.

A CONTRACT of marriage has been signed at Milan between Signorina Gina Ricordi, daughter of the well-known music publisher, and Signor Lingi Ortoni, who belongs to a distinguished Milan family. Verdi came specially to congratulate the young lady and her family, and returned immediately afterwards to his villa St. Agata at Busseto.

SUICIDE OF MDLLE. OLGA BETUZKI.—This young singer, who had been successfully engaged in Mantua and other Italian towns, and who is reported to have been a very beautiful girl, has committed suicide, along with her mother. They were in a state of extreme poverty.

ALFONSO GUERCIA, author of *L'art del Canto italiano*, and Professor of Singing at the Conservatorium of Naples, is dead. He published more than twenty collections of songs for one or more voices, besides the Manual above mentioned, which is still in use at the Conservatorium. He was born on the 13th November 1831.

SOME days ago, says *Le Ménestrel* of 20th July, there was found near Brussels the corpse of a man who had shot himself through the head. Nothing was found on him which could tell who he was; but, upon the recommendation of some persons who said they recognised the body, the authorities telegraphed to M. Oppenheim of Paris, who hastened to Brussels, and at once said that he knew the body to be that of his brother, Albert Oppenheim, formerly director of the Alhambra Theatre. Hardly had the body been buried when another person arrived, fearing to find that the suicide was his brother, an Englishman, who had come to the Grand Hotel some days before, and had mysteriously disappeared. The corpse was exhumed, and the Englishman at once claimed it as that of his brother. The paper does not say how the matter was settled.

AMERICAN papers speak very favourably of a new comic opera performed lately in Chicago, and called "Robin Hood." The composer is M. de Keven, the librettist M. H. B. Smith. The themes are said to be lively and original.

THE Reverend Virgil Maxey has created a sensation at Saint Antoine in Texas, by announcing that, after the 1st of September, he will preach every Sunday, and appear as an actor at the theatre every week evening, his desire being to draw together in this way the pulpit and the stage.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TALE.—Adolphe Kerz, or, as he called himself, nobody knows why, Aphdole Kerz, was giving concerts in Nebraska. His prima donna, on whom he had built great hopes, was a failure. In fact, she was hissed. What was he to do? He advertised for the next evening a new star, a negress with a wonderful voice. She was said to be the Patti of her race, and was a tremendous success. But he did not tell his audience that the new star was manufactured out of the old one, by means of a good-natured and judicious employment of tobacco-juice, etc. The singer and the concert-giver enjoyed the joke, and the dollars flowed in steadily.

GAYARRE is said to have left not less than four millions (of francs?). This is a very large sum, even in francs, to have been earned in fifteen years.

THE receipts of the Passion Play at Oberammergau are already 80,000 marks above the expenses. Each representation produces about 22,000 marks.

XAVER SCHARWENHA has gone to New York, and will not return to Germany till the beginning of September.

Apogee of the Weber monument; here is a little tale of Weber's youthful days, when he was studying in Munich under Valesi and Kalcher. His great friend was Ferdinand von Lütgendorff, who attended the art classes in the same town; and the two boys were much attached to each other—so much so that, when Carl's father made known his intention of removing to Freiberg, in Saxony, the two young friends made up their minds that they could not live apart. So one moonlight night they met in the "English Garden," and by the side of an artificial waterfall took a solemn farewell of the world and a tender one of each other, and jumped into the water together. Alas for their heroic resolutions! They were rescued without much difficulty by some one who had observed their mysterious behaviour, and the only consequences for them were, imprisonment to the house for some time, and a very bad cold for each. The friendship lasted many years. In 1814 Lütgendorff painted a portrait of Weber, which unfortunately has been lost.

THE *Grand Prix de Rome* has been awarded thus—Carrand first prize, Bachelet second first prize. A German writer tries to explain this, and begins thus:—"Second-first grand prize for musical composition! The uninitiated individual who reads this contradictory set of words puts his hand to his head involuntarily. But this expression is a very natural consequence of the thoroughly French idea of classifying and putting an official stamp upon artistic talent. At first there was only one grand prize for the youthful composers brought out by the Conservatoire. The prizeholder was to spend three years in Rome, so the prize was called *Prix de Rome*. Then they offered a second prize, which did not entitle the holder to a journey to Rome. Thus the first grand prize and the second grand prize. Soon came a third grand prize, which made necessary a new distinction between a first-second grand prize and a second-second grand prize. The real *Prix de Rome* remained theoretically a single prize. But sometimes it would happen one year that no one was worthy of the *Prix de Rome*, and thus by the next year there were two prizes to be given, as was the case last year."

THERESE MALTEN is to appear in September and October at the Berlin Opera House in a number of her greatest parts.

We learn that Herr Kapellmeister Müller, who is to retire from the direction of the Museums concerts in Frankfurt, will still continue to conduct the *Cäcilienverein*.

EUGEN D'ALBERT has gone to Meran for his holidays. In October it is said he means to give up his house in Eisenach, and settle altogether at Meran. He is at work on a sonata for piano and cello, and has laid aside his opera for the present. Next winter he is to appear as conductor as well as pianist. The Philharmonic Concerts in Dresden are to be under his direction.

At the Eisenach Festival, a great many new works were brought forward, among the most successful being—Quartets by R. Kahn and R. von Pargery; a quintet by Ph. Wolfrum, *Das Glück von Edenhall*; ballad for chorus and orchestra, by Humperdinck (conducted by the composer); overture to *Penthesilea*, by Felix Draeseck; two movements of a serenade for strings, by Tchaikowsky; a symphony by d'Albert; burlesque by Richard Strauss, for piano and orchestra, played by d'Albert, and conducted by the composer; and "Tod und Verklärung," a symphonic poem, also, by Strauss. After the Festival all the artists were entertained at a banquet given by the Grand Duke in the historic castle of the Wartburg.

THE *New Musikzeitung* tells the following stories:—The day after a concert in Leipzig, Paganini was taking a walk with his accompanist in the environs of the town. Near the Rosenthal they came upon a good old fellow who was scraping away on a fiddle in most lamentable style. Paganini very good-naturedly asked the old man to let him have the fiddle for a few minutes. As soon as he got it into his hands, he

tuned it very carefully, and then began to play the most astonishing passages, arpeggios, trills, etc. The accompanist was in great delight. "Well," said he to the old man who had listened without speaking or moving a muscle, "what do you think of that playing?" The old fellow replied benevolently, "See here, my good sir, you'll have to practise a little more, then it will go much better!"

A "GREAT German singers' festival" is about to be held in Vienna, and, to accommodate not only the singers but the orchestra and the audiences, a hall of proportionate size has had to be erected. It is quite American in its bigness—360 feet long, 129 wide, and 75 high. It will hold 20,000 people, of whom 8000 will, on the approaching occasion, be vocalists. The musical prospect is not pleasant. Already, it would seem, it has been discovered that the extent of the building is inimical to the best musical effects. "The vast hall," we read, "of course swallows part of the sound, and sends it back just at the moment when a pianissimo, to be of effect, would require absolute silence."

The King of Dahomey announces in the *West Afrikanische Post*, a German colonial paper, that he is in want of musicians to form a royal orchestra, to play during his banquets, and at the Amazons' fêtes. A contemporary advises all instrumentalists out of work to go off at once, assuring them that they will be greatly enjoyed (*goutés*) there. This is assuredly a chance for some of our "musicians."

A SERIOUS accident happened a week or two ago to Madame Christine Nilsson. While entering a railway carriage, at the Gare de l'Est, to go to Lucerne, she slipped and fell, and her leg was jammed between the footboard and the platform.

FOR the forthcoming representations of "Jeanne d'Arc" at Palmer's Theatre in New York, early in September, M. Gounod has sent the original manuscript of his musical score, with 100 vocal and 125 orchestral parts, all written in his own hand. The music was originally cast in oratorio form, for performance in the cathedral of Rheims by a chorus of 600 voices and an orchestra of 175 pieces.

Accidentals.

MR. J. SPENCER CURWEN says that "In Great Britain music thrives best in towns. The impoverishment of the agricultural districts has taken away much of the jollity of rural life, which in days gone by found expression in song. The British peasant rarely sings, but bewails his fate on a decrepit concertina." Ireland, which is an agricultural country, suffers in the same way. The folk song is almost extinct; even the pipers are growing scarce. The best hope for Ireland's musical future lies in the cultivation of music in the common schools."

A WOMAN OF MANY PARTS.—Madame Trebelli, who retired from the operatic stage some few years ago, has under pressure of circumstances been called upon to sing some extraordinary parts. For example, at Riga in 1861, as the tenor was taken ill, she, in order that the performance might not be abandoned, undertook a portion of the music of *Almaviva*, in "Il Barbiere." Madame Trebelli had been cast for Rosina, but another artist was able to sing this part, and in order that Madame Trebelli should be heard in the lesson scene, Rosina turned round to Almaviva saying, "And you, Don Alonzo, will you not sing also? I should like to hear my new master," whereupon Don Alonzo sang an extra solo. Again, in 1872 at Newcastle, during one of the tours of Her Majesty's Opera, the only available tenor for the part of Tamino in the "Magic Flute" was taken ill, and Madame Trebelli volunteered to play the character instead.

ANOTHER young composer of great promise has arisen in Scotland in the person of Mr. L. Drysdale. His orchestral prelude illustrating the ballad of "Thomas the Rhymer," performed at the Royal Academy's concert in St. James's Hall, is described by one of the most severe critics on a leading professional journal as singularly rich and effective. It rose infinitely above the level of the usual student's exercise. Like Mr. Hamish MacCunn, who has risen to eminence while barely out of his teens, Mr. Drysdale is full of the national spirit.

A YOUNG man was having a violin lesson, when the G string slipped, and lowered the sound by a whole tone. However, the pupil continued to play on very tranquilly, till the teacher could stand it no longer. "Don't you hear, then? Your G string is a tone down!"

"I know it quite well," said the young man calmly, "but it doesn't matter at all; I am playing only for my own amusement!"

HOPE FOR THE MILLENNIUM.—A member of the French Chamber of Deputies is about to introduce a Bill to compel the owner of every piano, harmonium, organ, or similar instrument, to pay a tax of 7s. 6d. per annum for each one in his possession. As a means of suppressing your next door neighbour of irritating musical proclivities, or the swarthy nuisances from sunny Italy, the piano and organ tax would be terribly effective. But why should special favour be extended to that arch-disturber, the concertina? Perhaps the concertina-player does not abound across the Channel. Is that why Frenchmen do not take their pleasures sadly?

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.—The Annual Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians will be held in Liverpool in January next. It is calculated that at least 300 representative musicians from all parts of the kingdom will be present.

THE Chester Musical Festival will be held as usual in July of next year, and Dr. Bridge has undertaken to write a dramatic cantata for one of the evening concerts.

THE lengthy obituary notice of Madame Rose Hersee which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* a fortnight ago, is happily very premature. Her many admirers will be glad to hear that the popular soprano and vocal teacher is alive and well, although she has to mourn the loss of her mother, who bears a similar Christian name.

RUBINSTEIN has been sojourning recently at Badenweiler, Germany, for his health. A correspondent who met him there writes as follows:—"He keeps himself shut up in his room, and never goes out from one day's end to another. When I saw him he was poring over a big pile of music MSS., which he said he had written since he had been here. I suggested that the American people would hail with delight his return, say in 1893. He quickly responded that he should never travel so far again. 'In fact,' said he, 'I hope I shall be dead before that date. What time I have to live I shall pass in St. Petersburg—not, however, as the director of the Conservatory, for I intend to resign that position next year. I cannot stand those fearful annoying examinations.' These 'fearful examinations' seem to haunt the great man like a terrible nightmare."

THE Rubinstein correspondent goes on:—"I heard a timid knock at the door, and, in answer to the master's 'Come in!' little Otto Hegner made his appearance. The little boy played and left. When he had gone I asked Rubinstein what he thought of the young pianist. He replied: 'Well, I heard the Hoffmann boy in Moscow when he was only eight

years of age. He is a genius of the very first order—not only a pianist, but what is of very great importance, a musician. One of these two boys is a phenomenal artist, the other is a prodigy." Rubinstein did not, however, say which was which.

MR. SANTLEY expects to return before Christmas from his long tour in Australia. He has indeed accepted engagements to sing at Liverpool and elsewhere in the course of the spring.

MADAME NORDICA has been obliged suddenly to leave England for the United States, she having been called to New York on business connected with the estate of her husband, Mr. Gower (of the Gower-Bell telephone), who went up in a balloon six years ago and has not since telephoned to earth. The American Courts are at last about to hand over to Madame Nordica the fortune which Mr. Gower left. Madame Nordica, by the way, intends to make England her permanent home, and has taken a large house in Fitzjohn's Avenue. She will, during the winter, sing at concerts in London and the provinces, of which her agent, Mr. Healy, has already booked some £3000 worth. In the spring she will go to Monte Carlo to sing Marguerite in "Faust" with the tenor, Engel (who, of course, is not related to the gentleman who once wrote criticism for a Society paper); and Juliette in "Roméo et Juliette," with Mr. J. de Reszké.

THE authorities at Pampeluna are about to put a tablet on the house in which Sarasate was born. That is better than waiting till he is dead—*absit omen!*

MR. SPURGEON'S comparison of Mr. Stanley's book with organ music to the disadvantage of the latter, says the *Daily News*, has ruffled the feelings of "An Organist," who writes to us:—"Mr. Spurgeon challenges criticism in making the statement quoted by you to-day that there is more of 'true worship' to be found in Mr. Stanley's recognition of Divine guidance and help than 'in all the organs that ever pealed forth their wind-made music beneath the vaulted roofs of cathedrals and temples.' What is implied by the glib phrase 'true worship?' Worship, like grammar, is not a comparative term. Worship is, or is not. If it exists then, it must be true *per se*. So, too, music, either vocal or instrumental, is not worship in itself. It may be an expression of the worshipful spirit of the executant, and it may be the means of exciting the worshipful spirit, which is more or less latent in the heart of every listener; more it cannot be. Inasmuch, however, as it is capable of stimulating or expressing the sense of worship, it is entitled to be called the Divine art, and to this end the human voice or the many-piped organ may be equally contributory. Can Mr. Spurgeon contradict this?"

IT is said that a canzonette by Weber for three male voices has come to light, and is soon to be performed in Berlin. Jahns, in his catalogue, speaks of this composition as "lost."

IT is said that there are over 40,000 children attending the schools of London who are insufficiently fed every day. Better waive the great "piano" question in the Board Schools and devote the sums spent, or to be spent, in strumming on musical instruments to the feeding of the little ones. There will be a fine field for philanthropists during the ensuing winter.

THE *Echo* is responsible for stating:—"The Rev. C. J. Street, of the Unitarian Church at Croydon, has actually tendered his resignation, because while he wishes to arrange the hymns to suit his discourse, the choir-master insists on choosing them at his own discretion."

WITH reference to the plea for dropping the Sunday evening services at Westminster, on the ground that the choir boys' voices require rest, a correspondent very pertinently points out that at St. Paul's,

where the work is harder, no such indulgence is given. He also points out that at St. Paul's, when the boys have their holiday, the male choristers alone perform the singing; and he asks if this can be done at St. Paul's, why not at Westminster? I do not think, however, that the choir boys are the parties on whose account the Westminster services are dropped.

THE Directors of the Crystal Palace have it in contemplation to organize a regular "Mendelssohn Festival." In all probability the Mendelssohn Festival will be held in June 1892, Friday being devoted to a full public rehearsal, Monday to "Elijah," Wednesday to "The Hymn of Praise," and a miscellaneous selection from Mendelssohn's works, including the unfinished oratorio, "Christus," and the Festival concluding on the following Friday with "St. Paul."

A CHARMING story is told by a reviewer in the *Scots Observer* to illustrate Darwin's freedom from scientific bigotry. Having been told that music had an influence on plants, he procured somebody to play a bassoon for several days close to some growing beans!

WITH reference to our paragraph last month on young Mr. Lloyd, who is now studying as a vocalist, a correspondent writes that he was a pupil of Lazarus Uzielli, not of Madame Schumann.

Festivals.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

SKETCH OF THE PROGRAMME.

THE first official advertisement of the seventh triennial gathering of the Bristol Musical Festival Society reminds us that this great musical week in the West is fixed a year earlier than the regular date, which should have been 1891. But, as an early copy of the preliminary programme informs us, there is sound reason for this change of date, inasmuch as the Birmingham Festival next year, instead of being held in August as heretofore, has been fixed for October—the month of the Bristol Festival; and as such clashing would be detrimental to both societies, the Bristol Society gracefully gives way to the older institution. Birmingham, with its many competitors, found the August attendance very poor last time, and doubtless this accounts for the change of date of the great Midland Festival, the Birmingham committee having resolved to try the experiment of an October meeting. This gives to the Bristol musical season of 1890 an importance which will once more attract the attention of musical amateurs throughout the western counties, as well as the Midlands and more distant centres, where the performance of great works on Festival scale is ever welcomed and appreciated. The Bristol Society still consists of members who are guarantors of a sum not exceeding £10 at each Festival, the committee not having considered it desirable to yield to the suggestion that each member should pay an annual subscription, as in the case of other societies. The Festival will commence this year on Wednesday morning, 22nd October with a performance of Gounod's great sacred work "The Redemption," and seven years having elapsed since the Festival Society produced it at a triennial gathering, it will be welcomed by all who remember the deep impression it made there in 1883. At the miscellaneous concert in the evening, the programme will include such orchestral gems as Beethoven's "Grand Symphony" (No. 8), Grieg's suite from "Peer Gynt," Liszt's famous "Rhapsodie Hongroise" in D minor and G major (No. 4), Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture, Weber's "Der Freyschutz" overture, etc. "Elijah" will fill the programme on Thursday morning. On Friday morning the Society will produce, for the first time in Bristol, Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio "Judith."

Those who take delight in hearing the works of English composers will be further gratified to find Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic and descriptive cantata, "The Golden Legend," with Madame Albani in the idealized character of Elsie. The grace and charm of "The Golden Legend" will fully warrant a third performance in Bristol. In addition there will be a miscellaneous part, including Schubert's Symphony in B minor, Wagner's weird "Ride of the Walkyries," etc. The final concert on Saturday morning will be devoted to Handel's sacred oratorio, "The Messiah." The members of the Festival choir will number 360, who have been carefully prepared by Mr. D. W. Rootham. Sir Charles Hallé will have a band of 100 performers, and Mr. George Riseley will be at the organ. As to the principal soloists, foremost comes Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Madame Hope Glenn. Mr. Edward Lloyd has been engaged; and the other male soloists are Mr. Ivor M'Kay, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and Mr. Montague Worlock.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

In the programme for the forthcoming Festival at Norwich, the executive has just decided to include the clever overture to "Richard III.," written for the production of that play by Edward German, which work has been recently and most successfully given under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The final arrangements for the Worcester Festival are as follows:—Sunday morning, September 7th, grand opening service, chorus, and full orchestra. Monday, rehearsals all day, the major part in the cathedral, and the rest of the time at disposal in the public hall. Tuesday morning, "St. Paul." Tuesday evening (a welcome innovation so far as an evening performance in the cathedral is concerned on the first day of the Festival), C. Lee Williams' cantata "The Last Night at Bethany," and "The Creation." Wednesday morning, Mozart's "Requiem;" Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Spohr's "God, Thou art great;" Bach's Pastoral Symphony; Bach's "A Stronghold Sure;" and Weber's "Harvest Cantata." Wednesday evening at the Public Hall: Parry's "St. Cecilia," conducted by the composer, and a miscellaneous second part. Thursday morning, Professor Frederick Bridge's "Repentance of Nineveh," conducted by the composer; and Beethoven's "Engedi." Thursday evening, "The Elijah," a second evening performance in the cathedral. Friday morning, "The Messiah." Friday evening, closing service by the amalgamated choirs and a small orchestra; the principals are Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Damian, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Brereton. Mr. Carodus will lead the band. Mr. Sinclair, the recently appointed organist of Hereford Cathedral, is responsible for the accompaniments, assisted by Mr. Hugh Blair. Mr. C. Lee Williams will be conductor, and Mr. Dove has the post of orchestral steward.

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Advertisements 5s. and 6s. per inch (according to position, column width).

All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor, "Arran," Rutford Road, Coventry Park, Streatham, London, S.W.

Printed by Morrison & Co., Edinburgh.

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Praised in song and famed in story;
Still in song and story shall the tale be told.
Come, my lads, and if you're willing,
You shall have, besides the shilling,
All the life and glory of a soldier bold."
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There is love so dear for a day,
But never 'adieu' sings love that is true,
To the heart he steals away."
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HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK. New song. The
words by R. S. HICKENS, the music by J. L. ROECKEL.
Published in F and A.

Last Verse.
"Laughter, shouting, and weeping you hear,
The music of life as they draw near.
All of us living, beggars are we,
Nearing the town of Eternity.
Tramping along on the road of Life,
Meeting with sorrow, joy, and strife,
Aking an aim as old Time looks down,
Hark! the beggars are coming to town!"

ODORADO BARRI'S NEW SONG.
BEYOND THE SEA. Sung by Miss Fanny Moody, with
immense success nightly, at the concert of the Carl Rosa
Opera Company.

Published in D, E flat, and F.
"Tho' far and lone from thee tonight,
My dear, my own country,
The thought of home will still unite
Fond hearts beyond the sea."

BEYOND THE SEA. By the Composer of the world-renowned
songs, "Saved from the Storm," "The Shadow of the
Cross," etc.

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LULU.—Another success by the Composer of "Myo-
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years of age. He is a genius of the very first order—not only a pianist, but what is of very great importance, a musician. One of these two boys is a phenomenal artist, the other is a prodigy." Rubinstein did not, however, say which was which.

MR. SANTLEY expects to return before Christmas from his long tour in Australia. He has indeed accepted engagements to sing at Liverpool and elsewhere in the course of the spring.

MADAME NORDICA has been obliged suddenly to leave England for the United States, she having been called to New York on business connected with the estate of her husband, Mr. Gower (of the Gower-Bell telephone), who went up in a balloon six years ago and has not since telephoned to earth. The American Courts are at last about to hand over to Madame Nordica the fortune which Mr. Gower left. Madame Nordica, by the way, intends to make England her permanent home, and has taken a large house in Fitzjohn's Avenue. She will, during the winter, sing at concerts in London and the provinces, of which her agent, Mr. Healy, has already booked some £3000 worth. In the spring she will go to Monte Carlo to sing Marguerite in "Faust" with the tenor, Engel (who, of course, is not related to the gentleman who once wrote criticism for a Society paper); and Juliette in "Roméo et Juliette," with Mr. J. de Reszke.

THE authorities at Pampeluna are about to put a tablet on the house in which Sarasate was born. That is better than waiting till he is dead—*absit omen!*

MR. SPURGEON's comparison of Mr. Stanley's book with organ music to the disadvantage of the latter, says the *Daily News*, has ruffled the feelings of "An Organist," who writes to us:—"Mr. Spurgeon challenges criticism in making the statement quoted by you to-day that there is more of 'true worship' to be found in Mr. Stanley's recognition of Divine guidance and help than 'in all the organs that ever pealed forth their wind-made music beneath the vaulted roofs of cathedrals and temples.' What is implied by the glib phrase 'true worship'? Worship, like grammar, is not a comparative term. Worship is, or is not. If it exists then, it must be true *per se*. So, too, music, either vocal or instrumental, is not worship in itself. It may be an expression of the worshipful spirit of the executant, and it may be the means of exciting the worshipful spirit, which is more or less latent in the heart of every listener; more it cannot be. Inasmuch, however, as it is capable of stimulating or expressing the sense of worship, it is entitled to be called the Divine art, and to this end the human voice or the many-piped organ may be equally contributory. Can Mr. Spurgeon contradict this?"

It is said that a canonette by Weber for three male voices has come to light, and is soon to be performed in Berlin. Jähns, in his catalogue, speaks of this composition as "lost."

It is said that there are over 40,000 children attending the schools of London who are insufficiently fed every day. Better waive the great "piano" question in the Board Schools and devote the sums spent, or to be spent, in strumming on musical instruments to the feeding of the little ones. There will be a fine field for philanthropists during the ensuing winter.

THE *Echo* is responsible for stating:—"The Rev. C. J. Street, of the Unitarian Church at Croydon, has actually tendered his resignation, because while he wishes to arrange the hymns to suit his discourse, the choir-master insists on choosing them at his own discretion."

WITH reference to the plea for dropping the Sunday evening services at Westminster, on the ground that the choir boys' voices require rest, a correspondent very pertinently points out that at St. Paul's,

where the work is harder, no such indulgence is given. He also points out that at St. Paul's, when the boys have their holiday, the male choristers alone perform the singing; and he asks if this can be done at St. Paul's, why not at Westminster? I do not think, however, that the choir boys are the parties on whose account the Westminster services are dropped.

THE Directors of the Crystal Palace have it in contemplation to organize a regular "Mendelssohn Festival." In all probability the Mendelssohn Festival will be held in June 1892, Friday being devoted to a full public rehearsal, Monday to "Elijah," Wednesday to "The Hymn of Praise," and a miscellaneous selection from Mendelssohn's works, including the unfinished oratorio, "Christus," and the Festival concluding on the following Friday with "St. Paul."

A CHARMING story is told by a reviewer in the *Scots Observer* to illustrate Darwin's freedom from scientific bigotry. Having been told that music had an influence on plants, he procured somebody to play a bassoon for several days close to some growing beans!

WITH reference to our paragraph last month on young Mr. Lloyd, who is now studying as a vocalist, a correspondent writes that he was a pupil of Lazarus Uzielli, not of Madame Schumann.

Festivals.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

SKETCH OF THE PROGRAMME.

THE first official advertisement of the seventh triennial gathering of the Bristol Musical Festival Society reminds us that this great musical week in the West is fixed a year earlier than the regular date, which should have been 1891. But, as an early copy of the preliminary programme informs us, there is sound reason for this change of date, inasmuch as the Birmingham Festival next year, instead of being held in August as heretofore, has been fixed for October—the month of the Bristol Festival; and as such clashing would be detrimental to both societies, the Bristol Society gracefully gives way to the older institution. Birmingham, with its many competitors, found the August attendance very poor last time, and doubtless this accounts for the change of date of the great Midland Festival, the Birmingham committee having resolved to try the experiment of an October meeting. This gives to the Bristol musical season of 1890 an importance which will once more attract the attention of musical amateurs throughout the western counties, as well as the Midlands and more distant centres, where the performance of great works on Festival scale is ever welcomed and appreciated. The Bristol Society still consists of members who are guarantors of a sum not exceeding £10 at each Festival, the committee not having considered it desirable to yield to the suggestion that each member should pay an annual subscription, as in the case of other societies. The Festival will commence this year on Wednesday morning, 22nd October with a performance of Gounod's great sacred work "The Redemption," and seven years having elapsed since the Festival Society produced it at a triennial gathering, it will be welcomed by all who remember the deep impression it made there in 1883. At the miscellaneous concert in the evening, the programme will include such orchestral gems as Beethoven's "Grand Symphony" (No. 8), Grieg's suite from "Peer Gynt," Liszt's famous "Rhapsodie Hongroise" in D minor and G major (No. 4), Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture, Weber's "Der Freyschutz" overture, etc. "Elijah" will fill the programme on Thursday morning. On Friday morning the Society will produce, for the first time in Bristol, Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio "Judith."

Those who take delight in hearing the works of English composers will be further gratified to find Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic and descriptive cantata, "The Golden Legend," with Madame Albani in the idealized character of Elsie. The grace and charm of "The Golden Legend" will fully warrant a third performance in Bristol. In addition there will be a miscellaneous part, including Schubert's Symphony in B minor, Wagner's weird "Ride of the Walkyries," etc. The final concert on Saturday morning will be devoted to Handel's sacred oratorio, "The Messiah." The members of the Festival choir will number 360, who have been carefully prepared by Mr. D. W. Rootham. Sir Charles Hallé will have a band of 100 performers, and Mr. George Riseley will be at the organ. As to the principal soloists, foremost comes Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Madame Hope Glenn. Mr. Edward Lloyd has been engaged; and the other male soloists are Mr. Ivor M'Kay, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and Mr. Montague Worlock.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

In the programme for the forthcoming Festival at Norwich, the executive has just decided to include the clever overture to "Richard III.," written for the production of that play by Edward German, which work has been recently and most successfully given under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The final arrangements for the Worcester Festival are as follows:—Sunday morning, September 7th, grand opening service, chorus, and full orchestra. Monday, rehearsals all day, the major part in the cathedral, and the rest of the time at disposal in the public hall. Tuesday morning, "St. Paul." Tuesday evening (a welcome innovation so far as an evening performance in the cathedral is concerned on the first day of the Festival), C. Lee Williams' cantata "The Last Night at Bethany," and "The Creation." Wednesday morning, Mozart's "Requiem;" Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Spohr's "God, Thou art great;" Bach's Pastoral Symphony; Bach's "A Stronghold Sure;" and Weber's "Harvest Cantata." Wednesday evening at the Public Hall: Parry's "St. Cecilia," conducted by the composer, and a miscellaneous second part. Thursday morning, Professor Frederick Bridge's "Repentance of Nineveh," conducted by the composer; and Beethoven's "Engedi." Thursday evening, "The Elijah," a second evening performance in the cathedral. Friday morning, "The Messiah." Friday evening, closing service by the amalgamated choirs and a small orchestra; the principals are Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Damian, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Brereton. Mr. Carrodus will lead the band. Mr. Sinclair, the recently appointed organist of Hereford Cathedral, is responsible for the accompaniments, assisted by Mr. Hugh Blair. Mr. C. Lee Williams will be conductor, and Mr. Dove has the post of orchestral steward.

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There laughed and played a little maid,
With winsome face and dainty grace
As sweet as ever sunlight shone upon."
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BY NORMANDIE'S BLUE HILLS. Words by the Author,
Music by the Composer, of "In Old Madrid."
Now ready, published in F, G, and B flat.

EDITH COOKE'S NEW SONG.

SWEET LAVENDER. Dedicated to Mr. Edward Terry,
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Now ready, published in D flat, E flat, and F.
"Ah! Lavender, sweet Lavender, though years and years go by,
Grows old the new and false the true, our love may never
die."
JOHN MUIR.

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"Why Must We Say Good-bye?" "I Dream'd a Dream,"
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Now ready, in G for baritone, in F for bass.

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"For a soldier's life a life of glory,
Praised in song and famed in story;
Still in song and story shall the tale be told.
Come, my lads, and if you're willing,
You shall have, besides the shilling,
All the life and glory of a soldier bold."
PHILIP DAYSON.

THE COQUETTE. COTSFORD DICK's new song. Just
published.

Refrain.

"There is love so sweet for an hour,
There is love so dear for a day,
But never 'adieu' sings love that is true,
To the heart he steals away."

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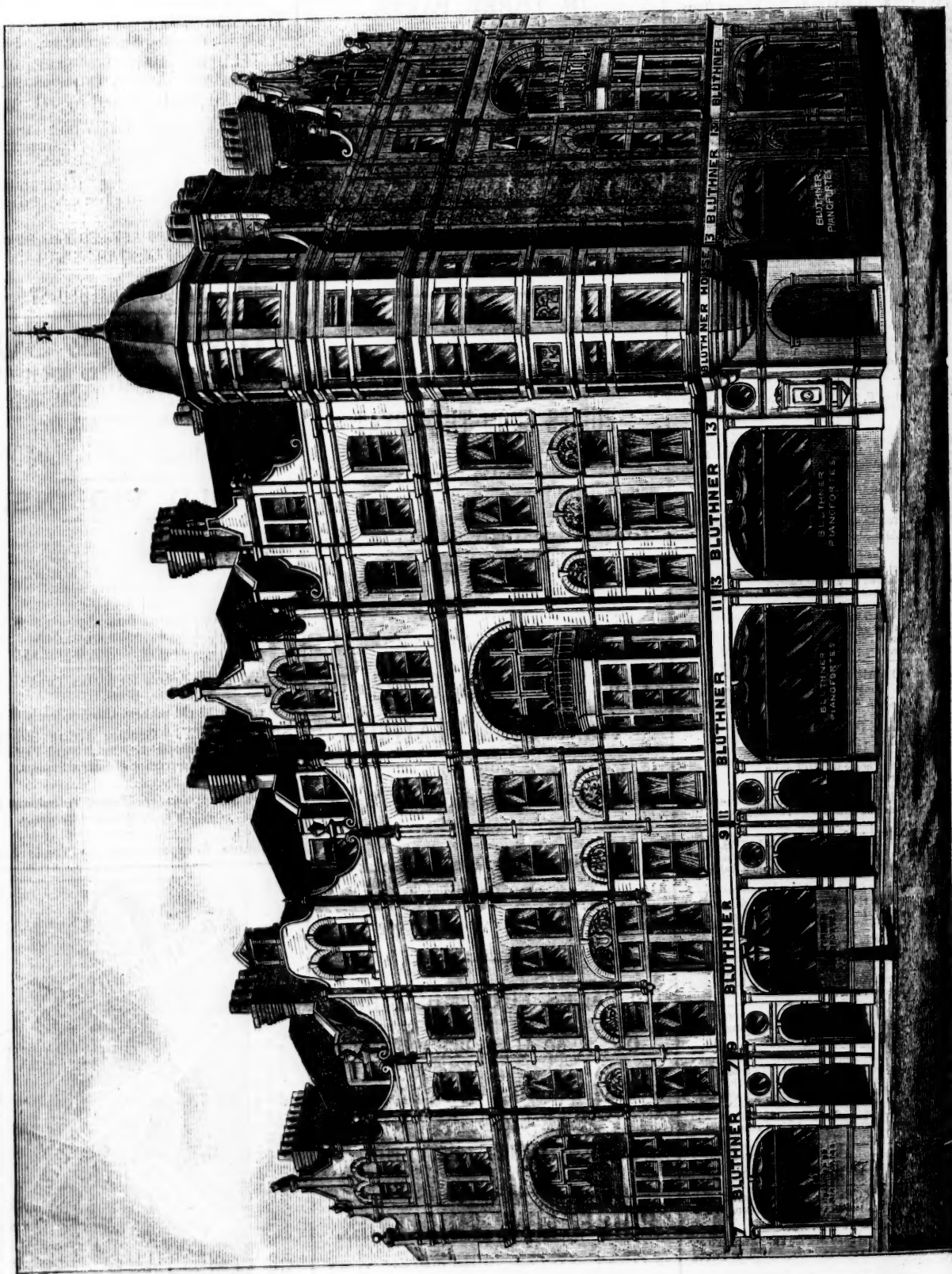
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Clara Novello Davies.



Magazine of Music Supplement, Septbr. 1890.

The Sailor's Message

Words by A. KNIGHT

Composed by FERRIS TOZER

Tarantelle

by
C. RICHARD DUGGAN.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

THE SAILOR'S MESSAGE.

WORDS BY
HENRY KNIGHT.

MUSIC BY
FERRIS TOZER.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. *mf* "My darling! Oh be not down-

PIANO. *cantabile* *mf*

hear-ted, I soon shall re-turn un-to thee;" His letter, the first since they par-ted, Came

laden with love o'er the sea, His letter the first since they par-ted, Came laden with love o'er the

sea, with love o'er the sea, o'er the sea. His

absence had seemed a-ges dreary, Though only a year, but a bride With weeping and watching grows

dolente

p

rall. *a tempo* *p*

rall. *a tempo*

*rall.**a tempo*

wea-ry, When the hus-band is not at her side, at her side, at her side.

*a tempo**rall.**mf*

That message from o-ver the wa-ter, Was the

last one receiv'd by the wife, He hath married the Ocean-King's daughter, And is lost to the love of his

p

life. He hath married the O-cean-king's daugh-ter, And is lost to the love of his

p

life, the love of his life, of his life.

TARANTELLE.

C. RICHARD DUGGAN.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The piece is divided into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The second system continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The third system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*), a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The fourth system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The fifth system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*), a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The sixth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*), a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The piece concludes with a final fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic.

f *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *dim.* *rall.* *a tempo* *p* *cresc.* *ff* *dim.* *cre - scen - do* *ff*



TARANTELLE.

C. RICHARD DUGGAN.

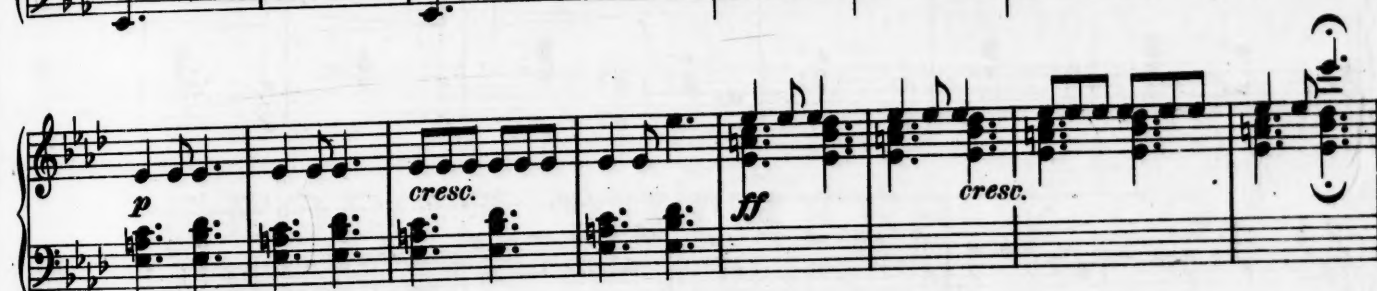
PIANO.

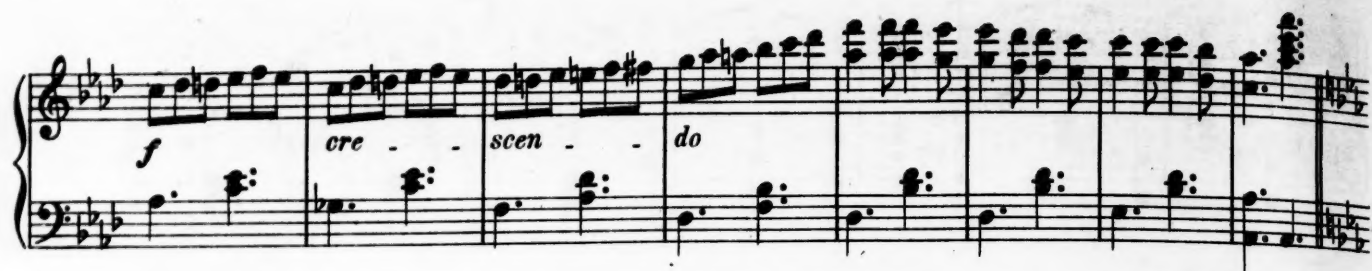
The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), a fortissimo (*ff*), and a diminuendo (*dim.*). The fourth system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a rallentando (*rall.*). The fifth system is marked *a tempo* and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a fortissimo (*ff*). The sixth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a fortissimo (*ff*). The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

f *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *dim.* *rall.* *a tempo* *p* *cresc.* *ff* *cre - scen - do* *ff*









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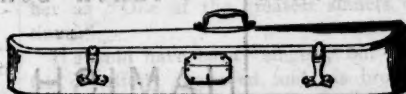


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